

**Inscape
Buck's Rock Work Camp 1967**

Inscape

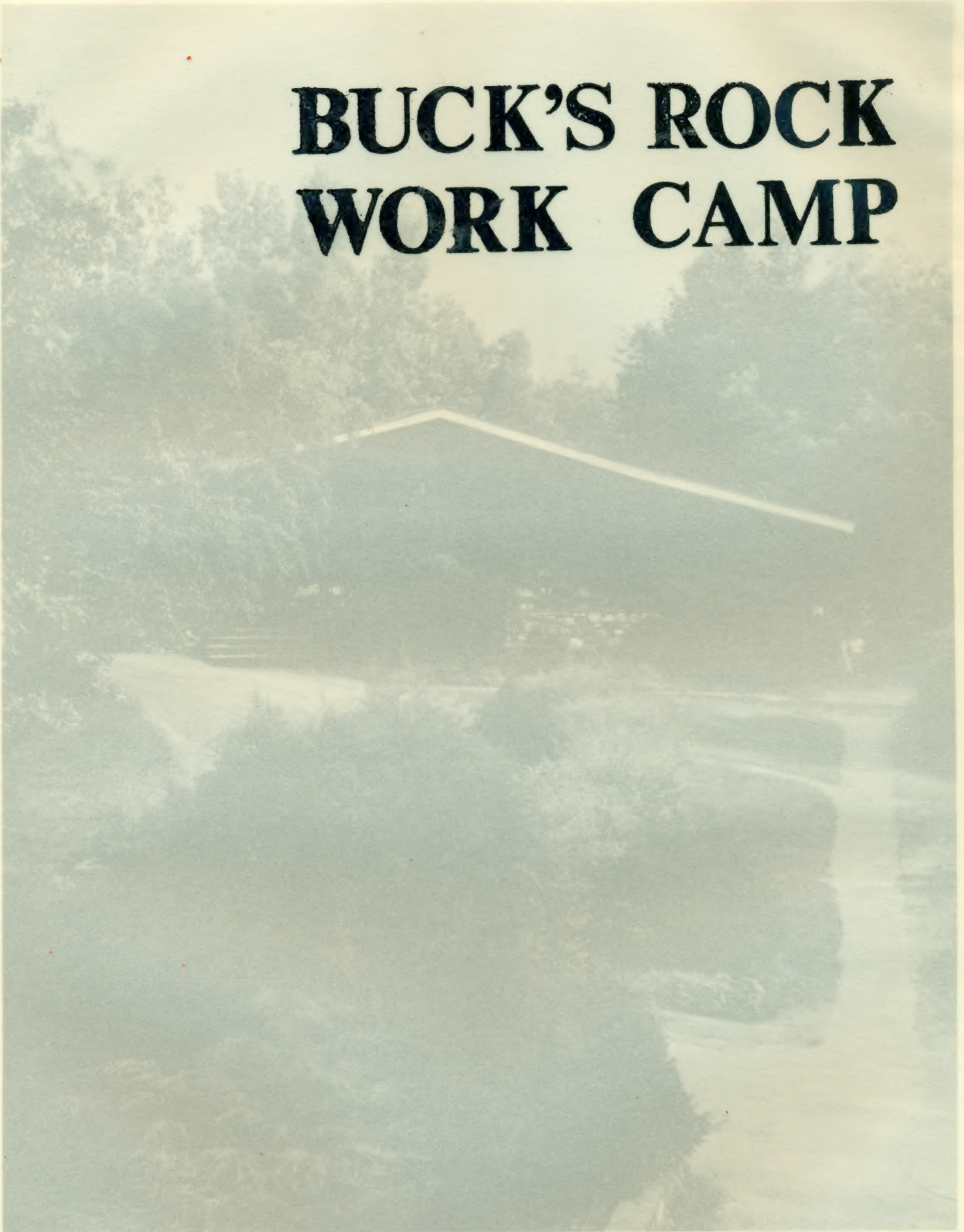
I thought how sadly beauty of inscape was unknown
and buried away from simple people and yet how near
at hand it was if they had eyes to see it and it
could be called out everywhere again...

from the Journals of Gerard
Manley Hopkins, 19 July 1872

☐ **AN END-OF-SUMMER
COLLECTION OF POEMS,
STORIES, AND ESSAYS
WRITTEN BY CAMPERS
IN 1967, THE TWENTY-
FIFTH YEAR OF BUCK'S
ROCK WORK CAMP, NEW
MILFORD, CONNECTICUT**

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP







NEW MILFORD CONNECTICUT



You walk into a new shop at Buck's Rock, not knowing anything about the craft you're about to attack and never having met the counselor. But five minutes later you're working industriously on a project that will occupy much of your time in the weeks to come.

It's an experience that, after three weeks, is timeless. We can assume also that after twenty-five years it has lost little or none of its impact. It's a reassuring connection with campers of the past---those of 1943 whom you never met and those of 1967 whom you'll never see again.

There is change as well at Buck's Rock. We feel the motion of time in intersection with the existence of timelessness. Time means change and improvement. It makes its presence felt in our art, drama, and creative writing departments, where newer and newer painters, playwrights, and authors influence us. It means a new music shed, and opera company, and some day (as a CIT this year suggested) the advent of the electric wrist gong.

T.S.Eliot wrote that "the intersection of the timeless with time" is "an occupation for the saint" and an instant of cherished vision and enlightenment. At Buck's Rock, the crossing of tradition with innovation is repeated hundreds of times every summer as the summer's basic theme. Enlightenment and inspiration are the life-blood of a creative community, especially one that has been in existence for twenty-five years, and each summer assumes the responsibility of proving once again the potential of its population.

Eliot was not the only poet to whom the concept of the juncture of timelessness and time oc-

curred. Another was Gerard Manley Hopkins, in whose work the idea became so important that he applied to it a one-word name: inscape.

If there is a unifying factor to the collection of creative efforts which you are now beginning to read, it is the attempt by the editors of Inscape to present the relationship of this idea to Buck's Rock. We are presenting writings that reflect a camp celebrating a twenty-fifth anniversary; they consider the timelessness of feelings experienced by Buck's Rockers over the past quarter century; indeed, many of them echo the sentiments of earlier years. But they are touched by the spirit of innovation, with the ever-expanding spirit and the ever-occurring newness of Buck's Rock. Enlightenment happens in these pages and binds their creators and readers together.

INSCAPE: the intersection of the timeless with time...an inner landscape, probing the intricacies of the creative mind.

We hope you like it.

Charlie Haas

1942

Boys House, Girls House, a third house and Social Hall constructed.

Third house burned down due to careless smoking.

Grounds used by Mrs. Roosevelt's Student Service.

150-year-old farmhouse remodeled for 1943.

1943

Bulova founded Buck's Rock with 120 campers.

Clay tennis courts built.

1944

Pre-fabs constructed.

First woodshop set up.

Dam built for swimming.

First newspaper published; mimeograph equipment only.

1945

Buck's Rock's first orchestra

1946

Shop building and eight-bunk constructed.

Chorus organized.

Small stage and concrete tennis courts built.

Buck's Rock filmed "Their Voices Rise" for U.N.

1947

Girls House Annex built.

The early years at Buck's Rock... a unity of purpose, of viewpoint, of politics, of understanding. The war had to be fought and won. Buck's Rockers felt that they should do their part. And they did. They grew food on neighboring farms. They raised chickens on what is now the animal farm, and the chickens laid eggs, and they sold the eggs. They grew tomatoes and other food on the farm, and they canned the tomatoes in a local cannery. They worked in their repair shop and made money by repairing other people's goods.

After the war they sent money and food to victims in Italy, Austria, and Holland. They were considered an important part of the domestic war effort: in a period of gasoline rations, they were allowed gasoline for their trucks to bring them to their neighbors' farms.

Ernst bought Buck's Rock from an old farmer who had lived here all his life. At one time, various groups considered using it as an evacuation center for children should New York City be bombed. Finally, in 1943, it opened as a junior farm and work camp.

The first Buck's Rockers lived in two dorms, the Boys House and the Girls House. They went on a boundary walk which took four hours and they all came back with poison ivy.

There was a camp with freedom of choice. "Shall I go to a neighbor's farm or work in the repair shop?" Some work was done in art, ceramics, and printing. There was even a photo shop--in the bathroom of the farmhouse. And they helped with the war. And they decided what to do. A unity of purpose.

And then, during the third summer, the war ended. What had begun?



Class of '43

My mother, Mrs. Joan Halperin, was a Buck's Rock camper in the formative years of 1943 and 1944. She sketched an image of those first two summers that differed in many respects from the Buck's Rock we know today.

In those years the principal facilities of the camp were considerably smaller. Only the boys house, girls house, and present infirmary (then a residence for girls) were standing. Buck's Rock Road was very bumpy and campers often fell off the trucks.

Buck's Rock at that time was accurately called a Work Camp. A camper was required to do either four or eight hours of weeding or suckering tobacco (snipping off the blossom from a tobacco plant so it wouldn't lose all of its strength) on outside farms for 25¢ an hour. Letters went out to neighboring farmers:

"Dear Neighbor,

Again the Buck's Rock Work Camp wants to offer you the service of 60 boys and girls, from fourteen to seventeen years old, who are strong, and willing to do work on your farm and in your garden...."

Recreational facilities---swimming, tennis and other sports---were waiting for the camper when he finished his farming for the day.

Folksinging was popular then as now; the 40's were the beginning of the folk revival that has continued to the present time. However, the songs that were sung around campfires and guitars were quite different: "Foggy, Foggy Dew," "Jimmy Crack Corn," and various Spanish Civil War songs were popular favorites.

In later years, as the camp gained shops and apparatus, the old image of an agricultural work camp was replaced by a new accent on creativity. It is important, however, that we not forget how the camp got its original zest and energy. Twenty-five years is a long time.

Bob Halperin

dayglimpse #3

so I'm sitting here
and thinking--
really squeezing--
thoughts
in and out of my brain
and resenting
because now is
Writing time
and everyone be quiet
...of course
the water's beautiful
and splutters and
slurps quietly
along
(it all goes in
one direction towards
one side
When it gets there, I
wonder where it goes)
the tree
on the right
is a Chinese water
color, in the classical
position.
on the left
is an oil
flat--and
yet
more faceted.
dimensional than
the yellow boat
across the lake
on the very
far right is
The Green which Village Art Show
(which everyone tsk)
very two dimensional.
but a tsk can
add to the overall
dimension...
Now I wonder whether
this assignment bothers
so much--
one is painting
one is writing
one is walking
one is lying
(but yet--everyone
else will tell about the water, and
charlie haas will say
"so I'm sitting here and thinking--
really squeezing thoughts
in and out of my brain"
but much more
cleverly)

Steven Vogel

Growing Up At Buck's Rock

The experiences that I have had at Buck's Rock have been quite special. I have been coming here since I was three years old, which is quite a young age to be attending a teenage camp. I came to Buck's Rock because my parents were here, my father in the dramatics program and my mother in dance. It is very hard for me to remember most of my summers except for the earliest ones and the present one.

During my first few summers at camp I was not too active in the shops. My world often centered around the vegetable farm and the Ceramics Shop because I was too young to do any kind of highly skilled work. In the Ceramics Shop I enjoyed making figures and animals out of clay and glazing them so they sparkled. I can't remember the names of all the counselors who helped me, but I remember they gave me a sense of how satisfying it can be to work with clay.

As a child, the attention that I received was quite special. It made me feel like a "little prince." People would go out of their way to help me and would try to involve me in different activities around the camp. I felt good about this and I tried to act older than I was by imitating the speech, manner, and movements of the older kids.

I sometimes resented the fact that my parents were counselors because I wanted them to spend more time with me. But I enjoyed and looked forward to the productions they put on, even though I felt in conflict with them and their work. It was fun to run up on the stage after the productions were over because it made me feel as if I had been a part of them. I remember when I was eight years old I tried out for the play, The Visit, and I read my lines poorly. My father couldn't give me a part with any speaking, but he also couldn't turn me down, so I ended up with a part but no lines to speak.

My middle years at Buck's Rock seem to blend into each other because I wasn't officially part of the camp, but instead more like an onlooker. I wished that I had been older so I could be a part of things. There were certain areas like the Silversmith Shop and the Woodshop that I wanted to participate in, but couldn't because of my age and ability. It wasn't until last summer that I finally began to work in both shops.

I am now thirteen. Out of the ten years that I have been here I have lived with my parents every year except for the

present one. There is quite a difference between living in a cabin with your own parents and joining three other boys in a bunk for two months. When you live in the same bunk as your parents do, there is much less fun and freedom. Usually my mother or father would tell me where to go and what to do. (which I didn't like and which wasn't their fault) because I was around them most of the time. Being in the Boys House has been quite a thrill to me because it is the first time that I've been on my own.

This summer is so wonderful for me because now I feel that I am a part of the unusual environment of Buck's Rock. It has made me aware of making use of my experiences as an adolescent. I differ from others who have just come to Buck's Rock because of the fact that my father works here and also because I know a lot of campers and counselors who have been here more than one summer. Campers who have just come to Buck's Rock are more or less frightened by it because they don't know many people here. Buck's Rock has been a very relaxed place for me because I have been here so long and can take advantage of things that interest me in a more serious way. At the same time, being here ten summers has also brought about a certain boredom because everything is so familiar, and what may excite others doesn't interest me.

I feel that, all in all, Buck's Rock has played an important part in my life. It has given me many happy experiences, it has made me aware of my surroundings, and it has taught me how to cope with the problems of growing up.

Steve Korff

THE BOYS + GIRLS
OF
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP
HAVE THE PLEASURE OF INVITING

MR. + MRS. _____

AND FAMILY

TO THEIR

BUCK'S
ROCK
FESTIVAL

SUNDAY 29th AUGUST 1943

Festival 1943

K'S ROCK WORK CAMP

PROGRAM
of the
BUCK'S ROCK FESTIVAL

9:00 a.m.

Sports Finals:

Tennis
Table Tennis
Basketball for boys
Basketball for girls
Badminton
Archery

11:45 a.m.

Swimming

10-12 year olds
12-14 year olds
14-16 year olds

1:00 p.m.

Waterball for boys
for girls

3:00 p.m.

Lunch

Folk dances
Songs

5:00 p.m.

PLAY: "SPREADING THE NEWS"
Address

6:00 p.m.

Baseball Game

7:00 p.m.

Buffet Supper

8:30 p.m.

BUCK'S ROCK AMUSEMENT
PARK

9:30 p.m.

Camp Fire; Awards to Winners in Sports Events
Songs
Story
THE END

Festival 1967

Dawn finds the camp in a frenzy of last-minute preparations for the most eventful day at Buck's Rock---Festival. Gaily colored parachutes on the lawn and Ceramic Shop decorations help add to the atmosphere.

Breakfast is served as usual, the last meal of the summer to be consumed in this way. Now we have time for a quick glance through the social hall exhibition before the visitors arrive in an endless flow.

We proceed with them through the day in the prescribed order of the festival program. This continues until the end of the festival play when we leave Buck's Rock, perhaps for the last time. It is a highly emotional moment.

Yet I can't help feeling there is something wrong with this beautiful picture. Festival is necessary because Buck's Rock operates on a strong rhythm and if there is no definite goal in sight then the rhythm will perish. I will point out some of the faults of Festival to show where improvement must be made. Perhaps the answer is something in between the Festival we know and the abolishment of this old institution.

Festival is planned as a climax, a culmination of the summer's work. For those in the performing arts, it is a chance to display the talents they have acquired over the summer to a receptive audience. There are other campers, however, who prefer to spend their time going from shop to shop, or in discussions with their friends. These campers have nothing to do.

My main objection is that Festival is used to show parents of prospective campers what the camp is really like, although the atmosphere at Festival is not indicative of Buck's Rock at all. Wouldn't it be better to show our visitors the real Buck's Rock? If a person were to come up then for the first time he might get the impression that this is a place to work all day and turn out professional products. This image does not correspond to actual conditions at Buck's Rock. The truth is that here in camp, in addition to working, we relax and enjoy ourselves to the atmosphere of folk songs on the lawn and peaceful discussions. If the visitor could see all this, then he would see Buck's Rock as it is.

The fact that there is a steady influx of parents is another important point: the last day of camp must be a nostalgic occasion. Since Festival really is the last day, hundreds of parents milling about makes it awkward to say good-bye to the people you have grown to know. Perhaps the only answer is a careful scrutiny of our present Festival organization.

Jeff Mandell

After so many years of relative obscurity, one of the most creative activities at Buck's Rock deserves to be honored. Hustling, the art of cutting in and moving ahead illegally on lines, requires rare talent. Only a small number of its practitioners are really proficient; most are rank amateurs.

Occasionally, on the longer lines (i.e., first dinner, second lunch and dinner) an inspired hustler, under good conditions, can work his way from the back of the line to the very front even before the gong rings. He accomplishes this by using every movement in the crowd to his advantage. When a crowd is tranquil, the hustler will create his own disturbances.

A good operator can turn a peaceful single-file line into a pushing, screaming mob that will allow him to operate with maximum efficiency. The most common method for achieving this ideal situation is to choose an innocent bystander and yell, "Hustler!" The cries quickly spread through the enraged mob with nobody knowing who the original victim was. The ensuing mass hysteria creates an atmosphere that naturally lends itself to hustling since the poor wretch caught on line duty is hit off guard and the real hustler makes his move.

Another way even an amateur can advance (although much slower than the preceding method) is to stimulate conversation. Small clumps will form in the line and they are relatively easy to by-pass. The people in the clumps, desperate for any means of occupying a half-hour of standing on line, are so busy talking that they pay little attention to hustlers.

I once saw a hustler (taking advantage of this same boredom) move all the way through a line in two minutes. He



Yell Hustler!

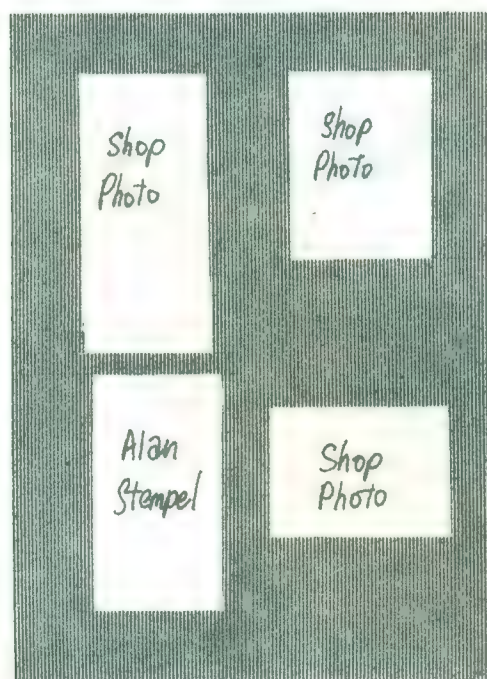


handed out sections of the Sunday Times and every person in line stopped moving. Then he walked to the front of the line.

Several times, chairs and pianos have been formed into barriers designed to discourage hustling. I am happy to say that this only created a challenging atmosphere. Continued attempts to stop this activity will only stimulate the villains. It seems that hustling will remain a part of Buck's Rock for years to come.

Michael Sussman

each mortal thing does one thing
and the same





That Was the Night That Was

The night that was, was the night the pig gave birth. That night we, all five animal farm CIT's, camped out behind the cow pasture.

I think I must have gotten an hour of sleep in all. The first thing we did was to get our mattresses from the stables. Then we each chose the sacred spots in which we were to sleep.

After this was done we climbed into our makeshift beds and tried to go to sleep. Pretty soon it became apparent to all that we were not going to get much rest, so we took a trip to the Science Lab to get some water.

After playing with Ethel, the goat, whom we encountered at the Lab, for about an hour, we went back to our place. We talked for another two hours, and then a disastrous thing happened. I fell asleep. My sleep was short, however, a mere hour and a half. Then, Lenn, another CIT, woke me and told me that seven pigs had been born already. Slowly I got out of bed and went to the pig pen. I saw that there were five live piglets and two stillborn.

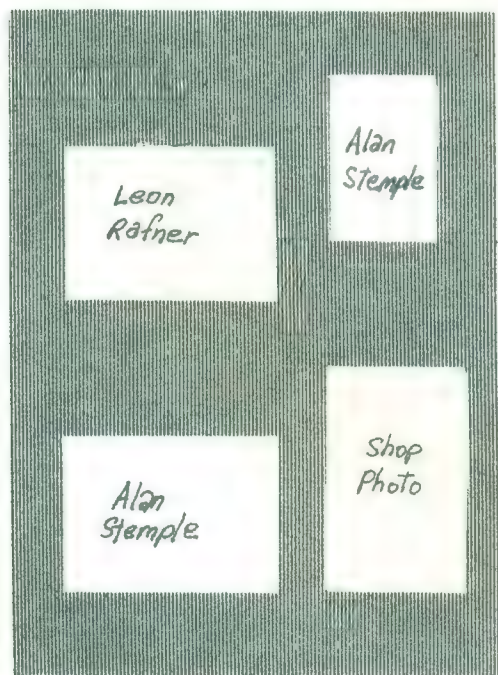
Not really appreciating being awakened at five in the morning, I went back to my humble abode and slept for one half hour before I awoke to be told that three more pigs had been born. Although I disliked having missed the births, I once again joined myself in safe and resting sleep sleep sleep.

Not ten minutes later did I have the pleasure of being informed that two more were born. In utter disgust, but with a smile across my face, I left my bed to go and see the new arrivals.

Having had my fill of pigs and their smell, I went back to bed and to sleep, knowing that the sow didn't need my help at all.

Chuck Granderson

hurrahing in harvest





Do I Have to Pull Weeds?

Some people think I'm crazy for picking the vegetable farm as my field because they think it's a dull place to work. The only time I agree with them is when campers constantly ask the same questions, "Where do I sign in?" "Do I have to pull weeds?" "Why aren't YOU working?" And the infallible, "What time is it?" However, I prefer working out of doors to working in a shop. I enjoy the exercise I get from working and like being in the sun after winter and ten months of school. I've found harvesting to be my favorite phase of farming. It's really great to see your efforts materialize into useful food.

This is my first year at Buck's Rock and also my first year on any farm, so while I'm supposed to teach others what to do, I first had to be taught myself. I've learned how to hoe, weed, mulch tomatoes, and tell when a crop is ready for harvesting, with the help of my counselor, Barbara Fromer, and JC Steve Rubenstein. Since I acquired these skills, I've been able to teach others about working on a vegetable farm. I've found this very satisfying.

The weekends are quite different from the mornings because the day is much longer and the work is harder. We are involved with harvesting, setting up the selling stand, setting up the afternoon canteen, checking the arithmetic of the sellers, and checking to see that no one pays for more than he gets. We are also asked to make sure that no camper is sold anything that he can't have; campers can have hot buttered corn, peas, cucumbers, green pepper, and tomatoes (if they are not at all green). They are not allowed to have onions, string beans, raw corn, squash, and scallions, for reasons which puzzle me--- but those are the camp rules. After we've finished cleaning up the stand and we've put everything away, we're tired. But at least we know that we've done our job and done it well. The only thing we can think of is a good meal for our efforts and a comfortable bed for our tired bodies.

Gale Walker

Tuesday, late

Dear Mashy,

Pardon me but I want to title this letter before I really begin.

On the Outside Looking In

I was very glad to see you last week, glad to find out that your letters were gross exaggerations. As for revisiting Buck's Rock, I'm not that sure. Once one has left Buck's Rock one can return only in body. It seems to really be true that one lacks a certain essential esprit de corps which makes one a glass-walled outsider, behind the Colgate invisible shield, but without Gardol.

When you come up to visit, there is nothing much to do after the first two hours or so. You know only so many people to say hello to and you find, puzzlingly, that your former close friends are very busy, doing things which you are no longer a part of.

The place is an electric circus of activity, but the stream of the current is no longer yours. The shops, no matter how familiar, are not the same. It is, I think, because you are no longer creating, side by side with the others, many of them strange and new, in the hallowed walls of whatever shop you considered yours. It is a strange feeling. Until I returned last week for my visit I never realized fully the unifying bond or the continual presence here of the creative process, whatever that may be.

I am tired and the sun is coming up over the city now. I will go.

Love, Debby



Five with No Title

I

I was sleeping in the sun,
I could smell the burning wax,
The plant crawled over my stomach,
Going toward the water.

II

Was I standing in the fog?
I could feel it pass.
Feel the dirty twigs crack.
Creak and reel back with the wind.

III

The rubberband collides with the
Dressmaker's dummy
Even the flowers click in digits.

IIII

Thistledown wind stripped to a
staccato beat
The whine of the whip of the tree
Struggles to get past the house
and dies.

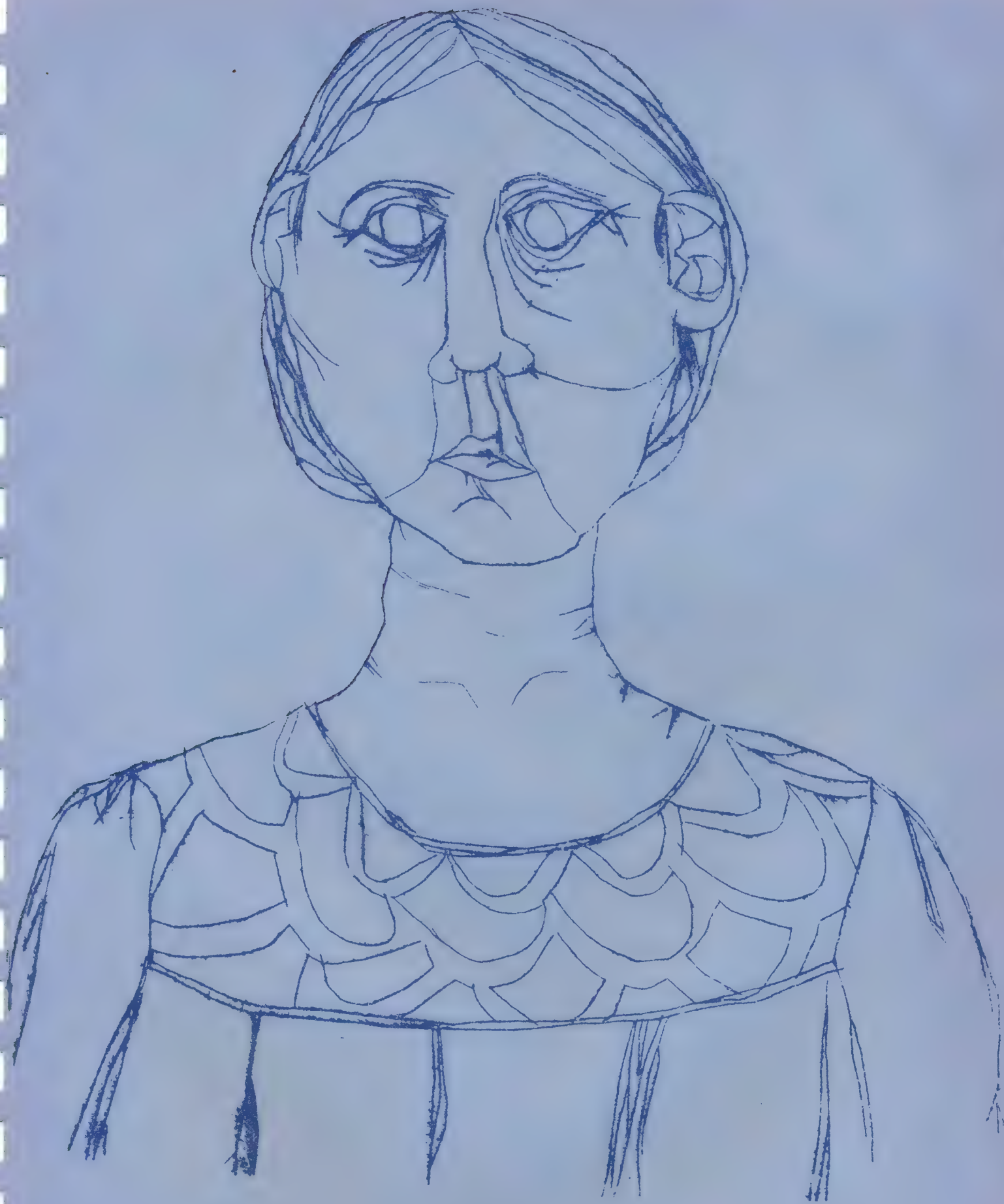
IIIII

Swing toward the coolness of blue
Tears never melt on blue
They just stay there and
Linger and linger
In the drying sunlight.

Paula Jacobson

I met a fortune teller at a fair.
It was spring,
You see,
So I didn't mind
Spending the quarter.
She told me:
You have an artistic thumb,
You shall die at an old age,
You are interested in Eastern religion,
(isn't everybody?)
There will be more than
One man in your life.
A newspaper man
Took her picture,
And her address,
And her name.
She wasn't
From Deepest India
And she wasn't
Madam something.
Disillusioned, I wondered
Would I die at an old age?
What about my artistic thumb?

Betsy Schulz



Running away---I've stopped running, no longer care. I've turned around to find there is nothing to face. The ugly girl walks beside me and mumbles and it does not bother me to be with her.

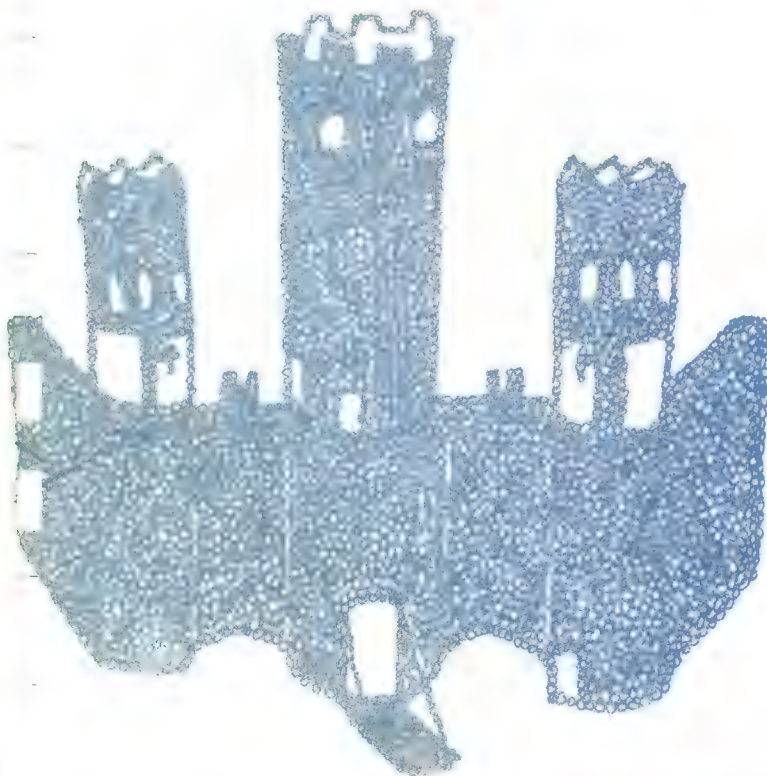
Nightpath

Those first few days I laughed and tumbled and played with the rest of them---and made them laugh too. Secure and relaxed, then, and free until I heard myself whisper I am not free; I am just alone. Crying there in the field, body contorted in anguish, with the mist all around, watching my tears reflected in the fresh, wet, grass. I screamed---once---and inside there, where there was light and laughter still, you heard in all the noise and continued to laugh. And when I got up and went inside where you could see me, it was too late. You know, don't you, how it is when these things happen.

Maybe because of her---that night before I left and we were lying there in the dark too late and too tired for fooling around and she told me what she had almost said to me. What words slipped from below the bewildering jigsaw into the little glass box where they formed another puzzle piece and slowly sifted down to become part of the whole. They scared us both. For a moment I could feel the tears in her throat and we both understood so much more and wondered about the change. There that night the places switched. I fought her and I was there that night because she could not break me and that night she opened the door wide and carried me inside and said now you are the master of the house you tell me what to do and I stood but I trembled and was so afraid. I walked afraid to walk quickly and look anywhere but at my feet afraid otherwise they might not work smiled afraid to laugh afraid the world would laugh at me afraid because I had been bent and pushed and let go and let spring even further than into place.

I stood suddenly conscious of me---shining in the wet wine rocks, popping the water bubbles, hiding in the dark trees; of me---dragging old scenes forward onto the stage, scenes dusty and sagging become toys of make believe; of me---dreaming tangled still life dreams. All this me, stored up to come out in the storm in the field, raging then like some ancient battle; white horses flying red ribbons riding across this barren earth steaming and vanishing in the steam. Leaving me exhausted, leaving me to close my eyes and slowly ebb back into that bright room and hear my voice becoming part of the laughter inside.

Harriet Weinmann



How Steep is "Steep?"

Although I put up a mental battle, by the second week of camp I could no longer resist going to the waterfront. I had heard a lot of comments about it---none terribly flattering. However, when the weather finally became hot enough, I gathered two of my friends who were familiar with the trail and started towards it. I was told that the path was quite steep and often frequented by wild animals. These later appeared and proved to be squirrels and chipmunks.

I started down in my moccasins, a bathing suit and a work shirt. As we neared the trail's entrance, the major question in my mind was "How steep is 'steep'?" The answers I got were not too encouraging. (I have still not found out which parts are considered steep.) After a few steps, I discovered that soleless moccasins are NOT the best thing to wear on a



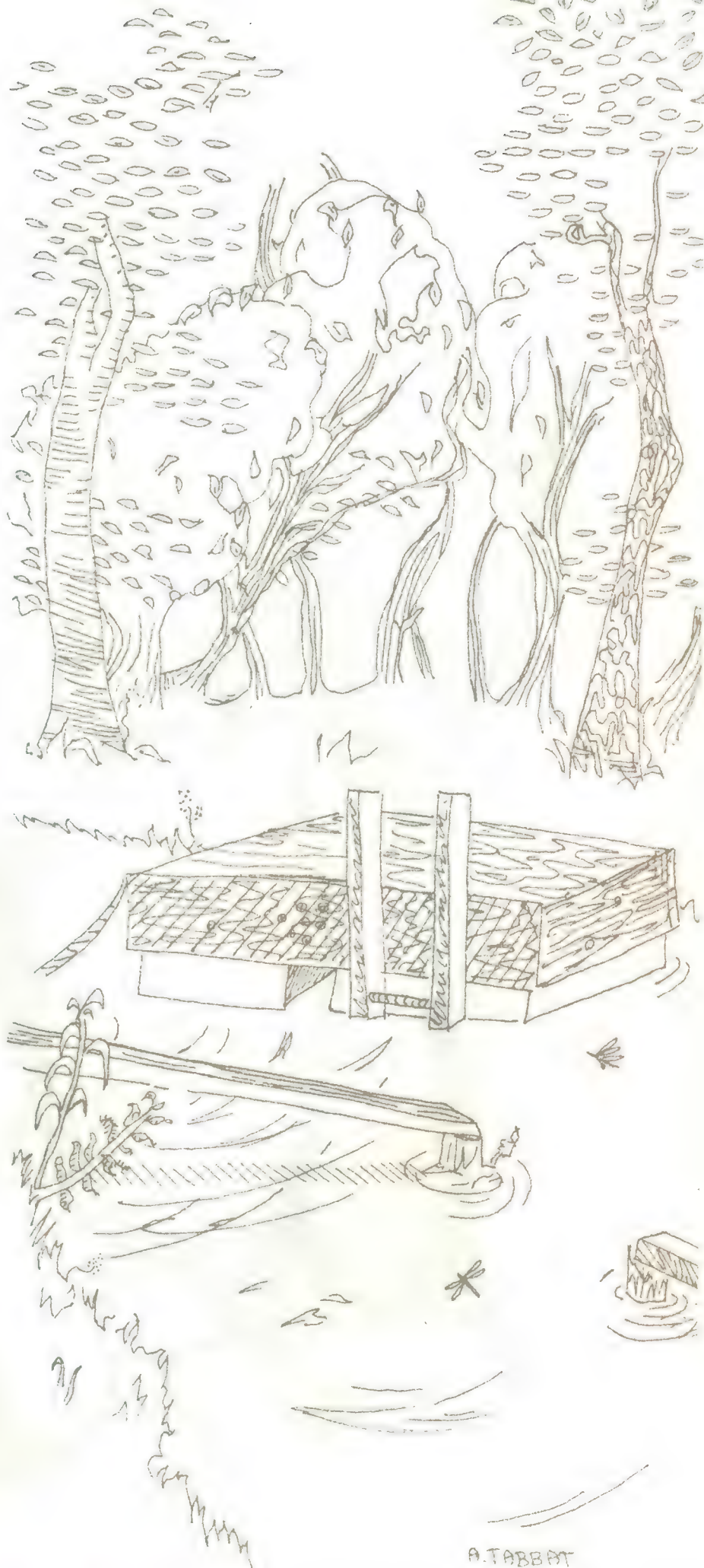
ATABBAT

rock-covered trail.
I voiced this thought
at least ten times
during the trip. How-
ever, now that I think
about it, I realize
that I wore the same
shoes the next time
down. Maybe I'll nev-
er learn.

The trip seemed
to take forever; I was
continually asking if
we were nearly there.
Each time they said
that we had only a bit
farther to go. Final-
ly, we heard the water-
fall and we really were
"almost there". We
reached the road and I
could make out something
that looked like people.
(The reason I could on-
ly barely make them out
was not due to any ob-
struction, but merely
to the fact that I had
not brought my glasses.)

When we finally
reached the swimming
hole, I was so over-
joyed that I kicked
off my shoes and threw
myself into the cool,
refreshing water. I
have gone swimming often
since then, but the trip
has never been as allur-
ing as the first time
I walked down to the
waterfront.

Jill Lesser

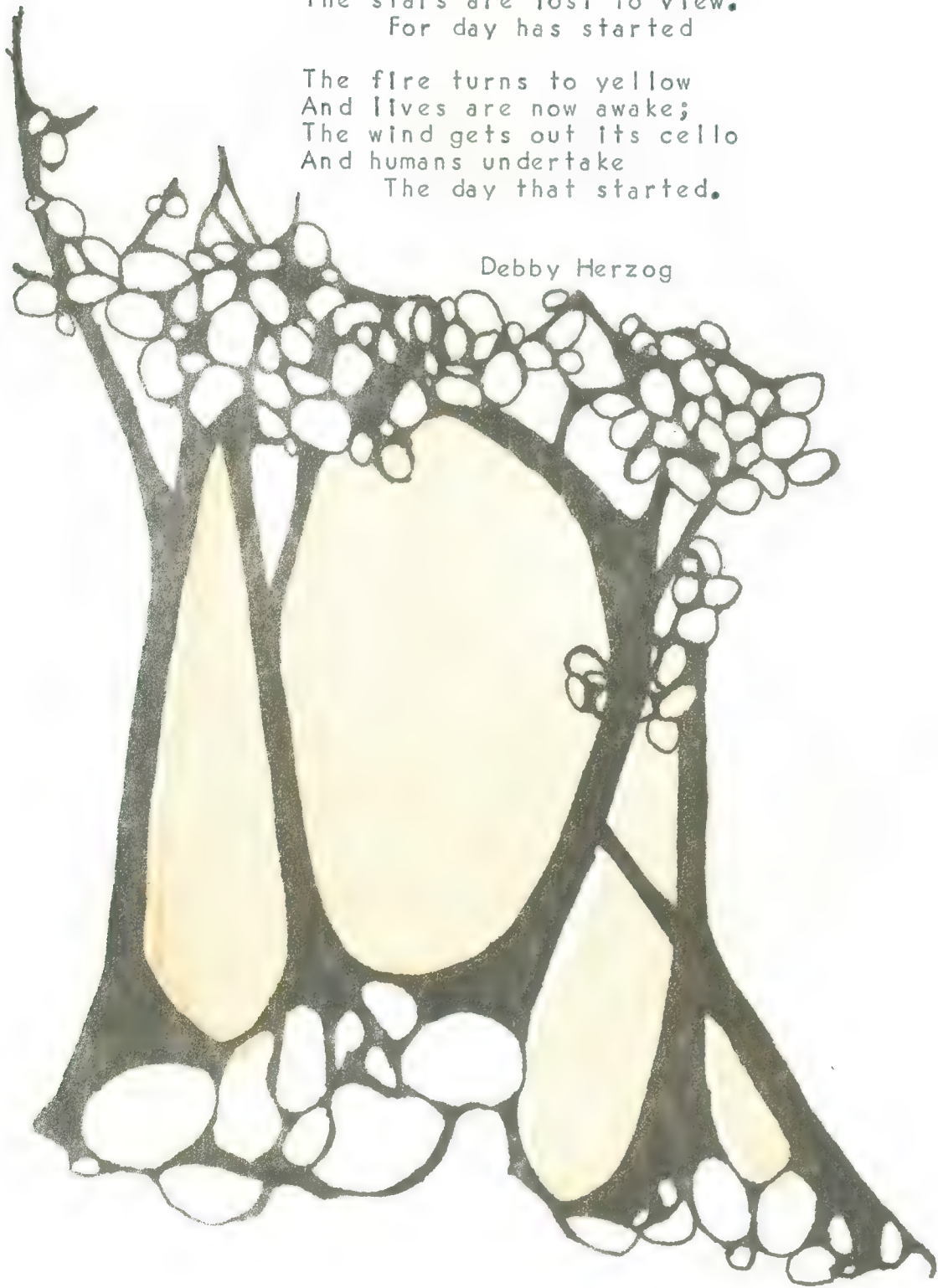


An orange ball of fire
Comes up behind a hill;
Its role is to inspire
And make all creatures still.
For day has started

The day begins to dawn
The light is streaking through;
The darkness now is torn,
The stars are lost to view.
For day has started

The fire turns to yellow
And lives are now awake;
The wind gets out its cello
And humans undertake
The day that started.

Debby Herzog



Everyone Makes a Team

About the second day of camp, Ernst announced at lunch that there would be try-outs for the Watermelon Softball League after supper. I was eager to go, being a great lover of baseball, but I was hesitant because I am a very poor ballplayer. After some soulsearching and assurances from others that everyone makes a team, I decided that I should try-out, with the hope of having fun playing my favorite sport and maybe even improving it.

The actual try-outs consisted of fielding a few balls and also attempting to hit some. Many, not satisfied with their performance, pleaded with Ira Weiss: "Can I try-out again when I have sneakers on?" and "Lemme have one more try; I didn't mean to swing at that one." I just did the best I could, however, and resigned myself to serving as the goat of whatever team I made.

The next day a list of teams was posted on the bulletin board. I looked them over: Chimborazos, Tirich-Mirs, Dikh-Taus, Ruwenzoris, Finsteraahorns, Jungfraus-- and my name was not on any of them. My worst fears were realized, I was the first Buck's Rocker to be so bad a ballplayer as not even to make a Watermelon League team! Diffidently, I went up to Ira and pointed out that my name was not on any of the team lists. Much to my surprise, he said that it must have been a "clerical error", and three days later I was behind home plate catching for the Dikh-Taus.

Steven Jay Hoffman

"We here in the Print Shop, Ye-yo and me, want to help you-to the best of our abilities-to comprehend all there is to know..."

"But the machine, Bookie, how does the machine work?"

"That's the third font of type you've dropped today, you dumkopf!"

"Bookie, how does the raising machine function?"

"Well, there is a chemical process involved...with the intense heat..."



"Burned---my beautiful stationery burned..."

"Well, what did you expect? Intense heat sometimes does that."

"My finger---oughh!---in the press."

"FIRE! FIRE! Get the iced tea!"

"Hates me..."

"What?"

"The machine HATES me, it HATES me..."

"Good Lord, we just printed 2,000 envelopes with 'Buck's Rock' spelled wrong!"

"ARGGHHH!"

"They're toasting the cookies in the machine again. Do something, Bookie---DO SOMETHING!"

Rob Schirmer

PUPPET PEOPLE

It was a rainy twilight and the Rec Hall's fluorescent lights shivered bleakly as I perceived a witch and two warlocks glaring at me with evil red eyes. I stepped up for a closer view of the marionettes. The witch's long knobbly fingers stretched out and parted her velvet tatters of clothing. Her face, although exaggerated for effect, was complete to the wart on her nose. It was not exactly a beautiful face, but to me it represented something beautiful, the world of puppets.

I have always been interested in marionettes but have never had the opportunity to work with them. Working in the Marionette Shop, I discovered that any handmade marionette, no matter what the purpose for which it is created, is an extension of some aspect of its creator, made for the world to understand. There is a bit of the witch and also of the hero in each one of us. In the marionette our traits are personified, then exaggerated, since they are made for communication to the audience rather than for an accurate portrayal of man's consciousness.

The processes involved in creating a marionette are tedious; I spent hours molding, sanding, stuffing, and sewing ---to the inspiring notes of Sgt. Pepper, of course. Yet there came the time when I had done all that, and my marionette, until now in all stages of disembodiment, was a completed figure. Then Rob and I fastened the head strings to the wooden control and my marionette became a person, a person asleep. When the back, arms, and legs were fastened to the control, she awoke.

She became a kitchen maid in the palace of the Emperor of China. She is poor, pretty, young, in love, and too good to exist in the world of man. Yet when I, as puppeteer, work the strings, she becomes alive in her own right. My simple little kitchen maid truly lives for us when we see her move in her own little world of right and wrong. Watching her goodness, we can recognize the good within ourselves, and thereby come to a better understanding of it. And this is the magic of the marionette.

Sharon Mattlin

Gaudeamus, Igitur

Before he was born
His parents had the whole thing
Planned

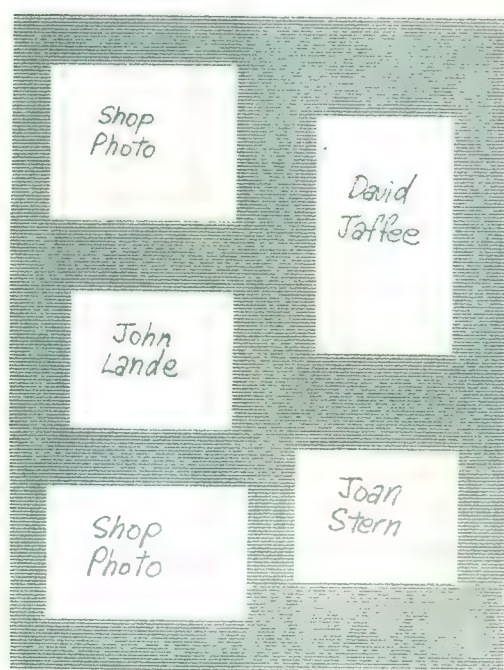
Piano lessons at
Five
A school for gifted children at
Six
Dancing school at
Eight
Progressive Camp at
Twelve
Phillips Exeter Academy at
Fourteen
Summer Study in France at
Seventeen
Swarthmore at
Eighteen
A.B. in Eng. Lit. at
Twenty-two
M.A. from Harvard at
Twenty-eight
Ph.D from Chicago at
Thirty-two
Associate Professor at Chicago at
Thirty-three
Assistant Professor at
Thirty-nine
Full Professor at
Forty-seven
College President at
Sixty

And from there let him take it on his own

Dick Ehrlich



we have one sap and one root-
let there be commerce between us





Questions, some unanswerable

At night when dreams may frighten you and the spectre of Death
seems more familiar than usual
when it comes up and taps you on your shoulder like a long lost
friend,

Claiming with hypnotic eyes your undivided attentions
Are you then not quite as brave as you would have me believe?

If the hard-driven, wildly blowing brush fire of war and violence
ignites the heated feelings of the world and sets them ablaze
in a maelstrom of destruction and death-unstoppable, insensible,
fanatical,

And you are adrift in your private explosion when the downtrodden
and stepped-upon have finally lifted their heads and pushed
yours under,

When you are then so lost and alone, will I be there?

Lisabeth Cohn



Non-profit Chic


Fashions at Buck's Rock have reached new heights of grandeur this season. Aside from the sawed-off bluejeans, the work shirts, the sandals, and the ponchos that make up the basic wardrobe, this summer has brought a dramatic change in accessories and formal wear. Here, an elaborate and elegant new wave has swept across the camp.

The New Milford Thrift Mart, now in its eleventh year, is responsible for the new trend. It has generated excitement and fascination among fashion-conscious campers and staff members who are finding that its racks contain clothes that were worn in our grandparents' era as well as clothes that reflect the latest fashions; styles range from 1916 evening gowns to Cuban Revolution hats. Although the merchandise doesn't come under one specific style, almost all of it could be grouped under the heading of "1967 camp."

Outside the shop, the huge decorator window, with its lavish display, is in the best tradition of the top fashion houses on Madison Avenue. Inside, there are racks of quaint dresses that go back forty years. The drawers in the center are stuffed with berets, bonnets from the 1930's, baseball hats, straw hats, and other head gear. Strewn about on the table are colorful belts, kerchiefs, and ties. The racks in the rear contain chic suits, tuxedos, trench coats, and pants. The overwhelming attraction of the mart is its extraordinary low prices. For instance, 1937 sheet music sells for a nickel, velvet shirts for a mode 28¢, dresses for 38¢, and tuxedos for \$1.

Rob Gerstein bought a chic burnt orange Prince and Pauper hat. Dave Pearl purchased a sparkling and gaudy looking pillbox hat; it displays about eighteen different colors. Many campers have bought CPO jackets, bell bottom pants, and other paraphernalia. Not only are the items a bargain, the shopper can feel virtuous about spending his money at the store because the Thrift Mart is a non-profit organization. All its proceeds go to the Children's Benefit Services of Connecticut.

jeff mackler



Ah Hayfever! the world pays you no mind
Yet you're the scourge and plight of Paula's life.
She's filled with shots and pills of every kind,
Your constant sneezing crowds her days with strife.
She needs to learn about a new cure soon,
Her coughing is impossible to bear;
For she's a wreck throughout the month of June
When allergies are carried in the air.
You tickle noses and you water eyes
You often are mistaken for a cold;
And someone ought to bring you down to size
For your position makes you overbold.
When summer comes it brings with it red noses,
That linger with us till the season closes.

Paula Jacobson



On Rules

Buck's Rock exists away from the reality of life, away from the winter, away from school. When you change the environment and the rules as drastically as they are changed here, you get a sense of illusion, of Buck's Rock as a place artificially removed from real conditions.

There are rules in the outside world that are created both by adults and by the peculiar psychology of the adolescent himself. These rules are permissive as well as restrictive. The restrictive rules at Buck's Rock pertain to those activities which are unlimited outside for most of the kids here: 1)doing nothing, and 2)dating and all the complications that result from relationships between the two sexes at this age. The rules here that free you to do what you want pertain to those activities that are limited outside, if only because not many people own Gestafax machines.

Ernst says that the Buck's Rock experience prepares us for the outside world. Is this so? The adult world outside may be related to the Buck's Rock world, but I don't think the adolescent world is. In looking over old Weeder's and yearbooks, I find many articles about how, after Buck's Rock, school is a very stifling atmosphere. Yet school is the outside world to teenagers. Should Buck's Rock make school stifling? The Buck's Rock experience, to be fully useful, should be a continuing one. What must be discussed, therefore, is whether Buck's Rock is meaningful enough as a two-month experience.

I believe that Buck's Rock is a very unreal place. Boy-girl relationships are supposed to be pure and platonic. Yet can they be? Are they the other ten months of the year? In our Hollywood-Playboy oriented society, can all relationships be this way? Should they be--even in a non-Hollywood oriented society? The problem must be discussed much more fully than it is now at Buck's Rock. In a camp like this where there is something to do, shouldn't it be possible to have a closer, more personal relationship based on common interests?

And what is wrong with doing nothing? Admittedly it

is not the best way to spend a creative summer, and admittedly it is an easy way out of the dilemma of "what should I do?" that many campers face. Yet, again, the choice of activity at Buck's Rock is so varied and interesting that people will go into the shops of their own free will and presumably will not want to sit around all the time. I was a new camper this year and for the first week I would sit around in the Print Shop doing nothing or reading yearbooks from 1952. I got into the swing of things by deciding that I would find out what there was to be done, and I did. It was not because a counselor told me to get up and start working, and I don't think it needs to be.

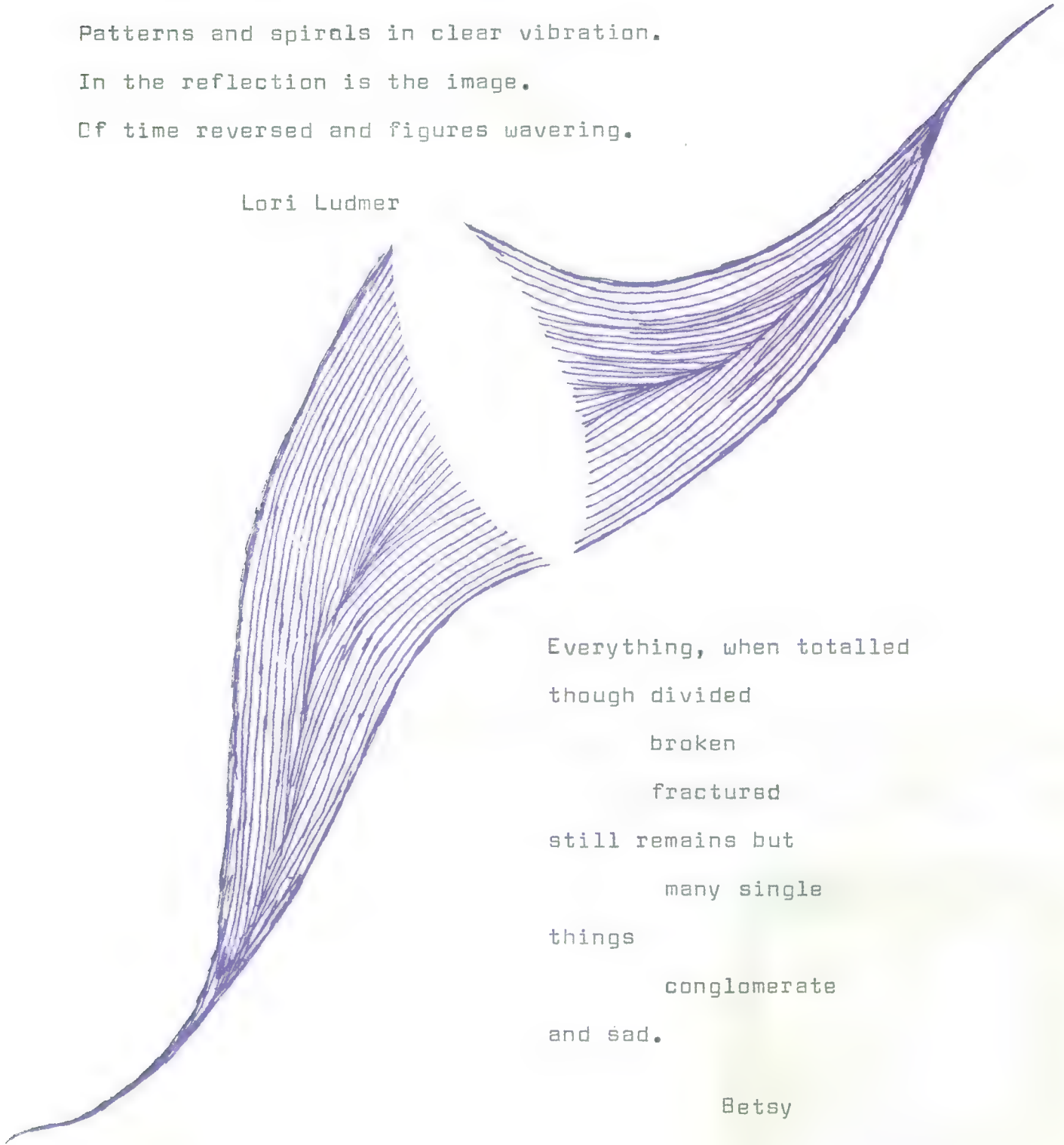
Buck's Rock is an amazingly free camp. I like it a great deal. But if it is to have no restrictions, why are there the restrictions which I have indicated? It must be understood that I don't think that all restrictions must be ended at Buck's Rock. Smoking must be restricted for reasons of health, fire, reputation. A curfew is necessary for health reasons. These and many other things are necessary, and I can understand the reason for them. But the others? I cannot.

I suggest that Buck's Rock should be even more of an elite establishment than it is. If the interviews with Ernst become more selective, and more people are turned away because they are "boy-crazy girls" or "girl-crazy boys" or because they do not have the abilities and the facilities to make a creative summer out of the Buck's Rock experience, fewer restrictions would be necessary.

Steven Vogel


Waves and rounds of liquid movement.
Patterns and spirals in clear vibration.
In the reflection is the image.
Of time reversed and figures wavering.

Lori Ludmer



Everything, when totalled
though divided
broken
fractured
still remains but
many single
things
conglomerate
and sad.

Betsy



This summer has been filled with rain; with drizzle, with soft rains, with sun-showers, with thunderstorms. I remember rain-filled nights. I remember times of rain in no particular order.

I remember one morning when I awoke to the sound of a quiet rain falling on the tent I live in. As I walked to breakfast all I could sense was the rain and the mist of the morning. It wasn't really morning, though. I remember thinking that it was, after all, no particular time—just a day taken out of sequence and filled with rain. As the hours wore on, I grew strangely angry. I had little reason to be angry, but still I felt an anger grow within me out of impatience. And when the rain stopped and the mist partially lifted, I grew more angry because I wanted the sun to come out and dry the milder collecting on the day, or the rain to fall fully and soak the deepened day. Neither happened and I remained impatient until I fell asleep.

I remember one afternoon when the rain fell sporadically. The sun went in and out of clouds, and the rain fell at times. At one point a bit of rain fell and the sun remained falling through the trees under which I was sitting. At another point the rain fell and the sun was nowhere to be seen. I sat in the rain, a piece of paper in my hand, watching the water wet the paper and waiting quietly for the rain to stop.

But I remember especially one night when there was an electric storm with rain falling in floods and thunder exploding. It was either very early in the morning or right in the middle of the night, and I woke suddenly to thunder

breathing so slowly as I imagined cannon fire to sound. I lay in bed with my eyes closed, listening to the thunder and the rain, and wondering how far away were the flashes of lightning preceding each crack of thunder. I wondered whether there were lightning rods on the tents and what would happen to me if lightning struck the tent. I lay almost immobile and listened to the shower of rain subside slightly and then drop on the tent at incredibly loud intervals.

And suddenly thunder exploded again and I became even more stiff and less able to move from my position. I couldn't reflect; I could just listen and wonder how far away the lightning was. My mind could only flash images of the rain subsiding and queries of the hour; my time sense was non-existent. After hours or perhaps seconds, or minutes, the rain subsided to the level of a heavy shower and I relaxed and opened my eyes. The night was dark and I could see little. Suddenly curious about my actual surroundings, I asked quietly if anyone else was up. To my surprise, each of my tent-mates had been woken and hurried in and, listening to the storm. I was shocked, too, when I found that it was five minutes after three. I had thought I had passed sleep for many hours, but I had actually passed the time of a short afternoon in sleep. I fell asleep again with a start, thinking of the loneliness of the night, hoping that the rain would not drop again on the earth, for the pounding frightened me. It was unfamiliar and it overwhelmed me.

In the morning the rain had stopped, for I woke in the sun. Two of my blankets were lying outside the tent on the wet grass, and clothes that had been washed a few days before were soaking outside the tent where they had been meant to dry. In the morning I could only remember how uneasy I had been in the night that anyone else might be awake; a wind that had blown the rain noiselessly onto the tent floor had also blown one of the tent flaps so that it lay across the entrance as if the flap was swinging precariously over me; I had listened to the rain pattering along the tent floor, each of us had lain in bed quietly, listening to the storm, involved in our own flashes about it, yet each of us echoing, without knowing it, the others' fascination and fear.

Before breakfast I heard people talking of the storm. They spoke of the thunder which had been exciting or frightening. The special fear that had entered each of our beings and taken root in our hearts was not spoken of. I don't think anyone realized that almost everyone in the camp had heard the rain and the thunder the night before. Yet in the light of the morning we were able to turn it off, to see it as a mere phenomenon, perhaps because the sun reminded us of a more familiar reality.

Rachel Cohen



Once, when I had seen the rhythmic beauty of that which has
neither beginning nor end,
I looked a little closer and found that it indeed was bordered by
the same stifling limits that enclose the world around

and disappointed, was about to forsake my search
When it returned in its infinite peace to absorb the surroundings
and become entire.

Not long had this gone on but I began longing for the comforting
thought of knowing that I could see the start and finish and how the
middle concerned itself,
and before I could resolve my shaky mind, I was caressed again
By four walls, a floor, and a door.

Now not knowing where to turn
I opened the door and came outside

To find that the beginning had just ended
and the end had just begun.

Lisabeth Cohn

It was an early Buck's Rock morning when the alarm awoke me. I got dressed and left the bunk.

It was quiet outside. The grass was wet with dew. The road squeaked under my feet. Everything was still. I was disturbing the tranquility of the morning. The seats on the lawn looked wrong without people so I walked on. It was cold so I pulled my jacket tighter around me and walked up to the shops.

The road creaked under me as I approached the shop area. The shops were lifeless and gave out a cold empty feeling. The Print Shop was locked. I opened the door to the Silkscreen Shop and it slammed shut. Everything turned around to look at me. In the Art Shop all the paintings stared back at me for disturbing them so early.

I walked back to the porch while the birds started chirping and the sun grew higher in the sky. I saw another person walking around and then another. My morning had ended.

Josh Daniel





Two weeks before the end of camp, I interviewed director Mattie Brody about Kurt Weill's Down In The Valley, the first camp opera since the 1950's. She told me that it's a small opera by the composer of the Threepenny Opera, and that it recaptures aspects of American folk myths and music. "It is unsophisticated," she said. "Its scenery and music are simple; overdrawn emotions and exaggerated characters are almost crudely melodramatic." There are four major parts, and they are played by Carol Brodtkin, David Rabinowitz, David Shapero, and Stuart Marcus.

After spending many hours in the library looking through the short operas, following up recommendations, narrowing the number down to six that looked promising, then down to three, Mattie finally chose this one. The Bulovas have told her that Down In The Valley was put on here twice in the 1950's and that once their daughter played the heroine.

Down in the Valley

Mattie explained that the music was simple and presented few problems. The casting was limited to members of the chorus and madrigal group. The major problem was in scheduling the performance for a time and place that didn't conflict with other rehearsals and performances. It had to be a place that was small and intimate yet had adequate lights. "I'm very happy that the music shed was built in time for the production, and that the acoustics there are excellent," Mattie added. "It makes a perfect place for the opera."

At the time I spoke to Mattie, she said that she would be counting on the assistance of counselors in music, drama, and dance to reinforce and polish the production.

I thanked my sister for the interview and promised to attend the performance.

Joshua Brody



In the last breath of a rain's goodbye
a gray cloud rises from the gutter
And lingers with a floating lamp post
choking sounds it cannot utter.

Smelling clean of smell surrounding.
reaching walls and windows high
Muting lights as gold in blackness
blurry outlines dripping by.

Speeding cars throw lights in patterns
fighting hard the shroud of gray
Lonely people lost in alleys
struggle for a way to pray.

Black umbrellas creep in silence,
each umbrella walks alone.
Statues in the park are dripping
bleak and dry their eyes of stone.

A lonely shadow brushed against me,
I grabbed him but he would not stay.
His hurried footsteps were my answer;
I watched him swallowed by the gray.

Marilyn Adler

(she was fair where I was dark, and
we had always gone to different schools)
but she told me it was a secret,
and so, being best friends, I forgot it
(and kept the secret).
Or rather (more likely) I tried to forget it.
We must have been nearing nine.

This difference was far greater than the others,
even more than when she skipped the second grade.
It never really bothered me; we were always together.
Then one day many months later
My mother tried to break it to me gently
and, of course, was shocked that I knew
but I said it was a secret, so I hadn't told her.

Her life and mine began to diffuse.
Her life, poor life, was rather sad
and mine, I suppose, was none too good.
We still saw each other a lot, of course,
and still swam all the summer through
but we were no longer constantly together.

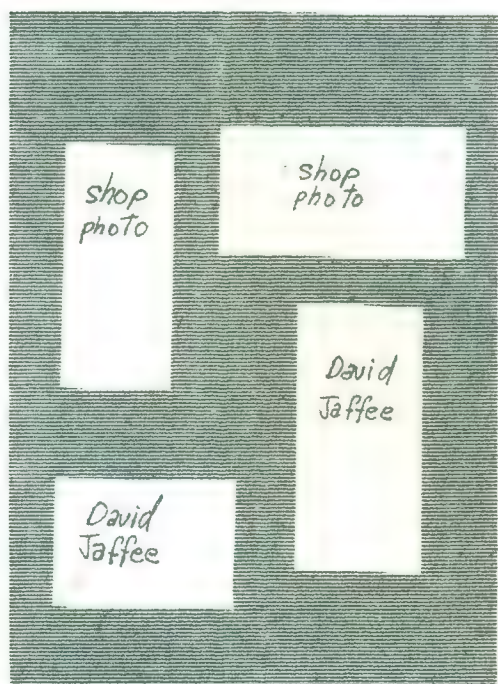
Why that happened we'll never know;
We started growing away from each other
is what our mothers think,
but maybe it was because
our new difference was so pointed out,
and I was so often told we'd never be the same
(that way) that it made it all the more painful to us.

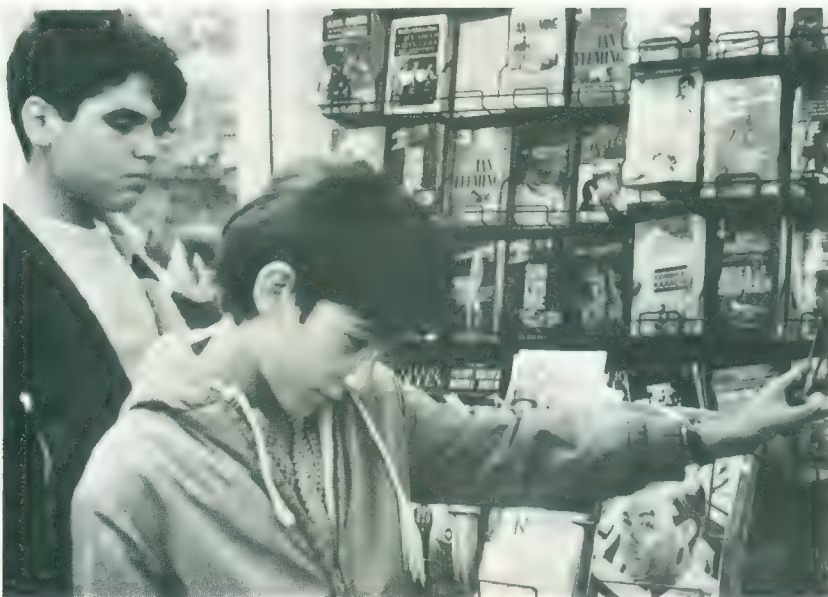
Then one day I didn't want to babysit
so I called her to see if she would go,
but the maid said no, she's sick,
she's in the hospital.

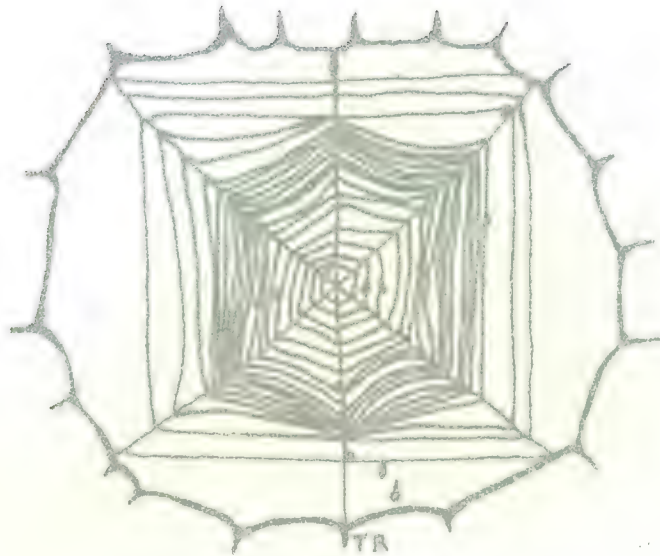
Lisa, did I let it happen?
I sent a card, nothing "get well," just something pretty.
Then she was home for a day
and we dyed Easter eggs and talked.
We were, really, nearing fifteen;
my braces were off, her contacts in,
we were different, in a different way,
in a way which required a friend,
so now I visit **her** and she comes home;
our lips don't turn blue from swimming too long;
we know when to get out of the pool by now.
But we swim and lie in the sun
and eat peaches and crackers;
and maybe we're the best of friends.

Betsy Schulz

anyone lived in a
pretty how town







and after all the cobwebbed clearing's done
and the nail has scraped the peatmoss from the wharves
the coast now outlined clear in yellow sky
the naked jewel lying pink and appleblossom
after the fervor of fear and denial
why is there not a forever waiting?
and mountains grinning in waltztimes
and balloons on springwinds
and silk and lace stars?
instead pearls of mildew and
beads of sweat.
instead algae floating lazy in green,
and all the mirrors of the vain
thrown down the chimneys
scattered all knowing and now.

Lori Ubell

Sort of Sad

There you are sitting nervously and you wish to God you could read. You just sit there, through good actors and bad. You practice a part to yourself and then you just sit some more. Reading, you're all nervous. You shake. You know you haven't read as well as your friend did.

You leave. Walking home, you're scared. You tell yourself it doesn't matter if you don't get a part. But it always does.

Then you wait and it seems like forever until the second reading list is put up. You run to the porch and you've made second readings so you're happy. At the try-outs you get nervous again and you read and you know you haven't done well and after a while you leave.

You walk home slowly. You're sort of sad. But you say you don't care.

You return to the porch and just wait there. You get up and then you sit again. As the cast list is put up, you get nervous and excited all over again. You walk over to the board and scan the list. You didn't get a part. You hurt inside but try not to show it. Then you congratulate a friend. When you're alone you feel even worse. You think you want nothing to do with the plays. Comes the next day you go down to the stage and work on set design.

Josh Daniel



Morning Mood

Jessica Krasilovsky

The morning had just awakened as I strolled down the way to the big oak tree. I could tell the morning was young because as I went to touch the grass it had a dewy feeling. There was not a person in sight. As the morning wandered on I could hear the trees rustling in the cool of the breeze. All of a sudden I saw some lumps bulging up out of the ground. I looked closer and discovered it was the rocks just starting to wake up and rear their heads right out of the ground. I stopped to think a moment about the sounds I had been hearing ever since I had started to walk outside. The weird sounds then toned down until I realized that the sounds were the mooing of cows and the chirping of birds, all mixed together. I thought a while about where the sounds could be coming from and finally concluded they had come from the animal farm up the road.

The sun was shining down so brightly. The sky was an impressive blue and the clouds were fluffy white. The air was clean and pure. As the morning went on and the main camp's grew louder with gongs and campers' voices, the sounds of silence slowly faded away. It had just been the start of a new day, noisy and cheerful. What would it be like tomorrow?

Seth Weber

Chanson d'Ete

And though the skies opened and it fell,
Still, we defied the rain and sang
The music of our souls.
The smoke of the sky, white and veiled,
Covered the earth and we, within,
Watched the skies as they fell
In pinwheel turns to the ground---
Lithe, and lit by our songs.
Within we watched the mist
Swim and settle, blue within
Our midst.
Our souls, too, opened and swam,
For it was summer and the pictures,
Brought by the rain, and the clouds
From afar, came, and they, too,
Sang for us.
And there was song within and talk
Of rain that we walked in
Rain that ran, many lined,
Along the roads of our summer.
And it was summer and the ripened
Rain and the music
Sang our souls.
And we gave, and we took, and we
Listened, and smiling, sang
For night, and for it was summer,
And words, they too, played
Flute behind our smiles.
And the rain wept and wept for
The season come, and we sang
The birth and our birth and our
Voices rose and fall in the wind
Running through the rain and we
Moved on in our music and
Gave and gave.
And we could but sing
And we could but weep, within,
Without, the rain and we could not
Immortalize these moments, our souls,
But still we defied and sang,
And joined and sang,
And the silver skies joined us too,
Silver with the age, and
Rain fell, slashing on souls and
Yes, we gave and gave
And the rain wept and
We could but sing the music of
Our souls.

Naomi Cohen

1948

Girls House and Annex enlarged.
Ceramics porch added to the
shop building.

1949

Farm enlarged; farm lab and
dispensary constructed.
Weaving begun.

1950

Boys House burned down during
winter, was rebuilt for sum-
mer.
Badminton Court built.
Print and jewelry shops organ-
ized.
First Dance Night.

1951

CIT system introduced.
Roof constructed over reseat-
ed Print Shop.
Grand Central, Snake Pitt, and
Green mansions built for CIT
girls.

1952

New infirmary constructed.
Eight bunk enlarged into Boys
Annex.
Labyrinth/Seward's Folly built.
Side porch added to Social Hall.

1953

Dining room enlarged.
Concrete pig feeder built at
Animal Farm.
Hole Dance Class begun.

1954

Nursery (cabin next to dispen-
sary) built.
Fencing lessons started.
Old Print Shop (present Silk
Screen Shop) built.

1955

Woodshop started...
Aluminum House constructed in
one and a half weeks.
Front Porch added to Social
Hall.
Silk machine added to Buck's
Rock.
"Oswald" (mosaic bird on wall
of shop building) born.

1956

Woodshop...
Old Print Shop enlarged.
Ham station started.
Leathercraft Shop set up on
porch of Seward's Folly.

1957

Woodshop...
Ham shack built.

After the war came the false security of being the only one with the bomb, and then came McCarthy...

At Buck's Rock came the false happiness of being young, and wearing dresses down to the ankles, and living in the Farmhouse and liking it, or at least pretending not to like it, which is the same thing, and producing things for two audiences: the parents, who loved whatever you made, and the Shop Production Committee, which didn't. The committee decided which of the articles made in the shops for production would be sold on the social hall porch that weekend.

Most of Buck's Rock's political writing (and thinking) was limited to discussing the SFC, what it did, and how it worked. Campers complained that the meetings were too long, and that not enough was done at them. But they never complained about the outside world, at least not in their publications.

With the coming of the Marshall Plan and Sputnik, a change came over the camp. The Marshall Plan removed the need to send help to war victims, and Sputnik created a pressure for better education in the United States. Partially as a result, the emphasis at Buck's Rock changed from farming to working in the shops. There was a new accent on creativity.

McCarthyism was in the air. The Red Army March was no longer the favorite song at Buck's Rock, as it had been during the war. Although the hysteria which was prevalent in the U.S. did not seriously affect Buck's Rock, the tone of the camp became a little more cautious, a little less revolutionary.

It was a period of gradual change. Some new shops--weaving, jewelry, etc.--originated in this period. With more shops and newer ideas, the camp passed into its middle period.



RECONSTRUCTION

It made itself known in my brain
like a scheduled event.
I responded by playing it back
for my senses:
Someone had told me
we were sharing something.

If my reaction
in words or movements
had been demanded by the world,
no one would have waited
for a prepared statement.

Understand:
There is nothing
except purpose---
Keep walking.

By the time you get there and look in,
I have gone.
Sometimes what looks like a doorway
becomes just a window.

If we had continued
to ignore each other's changes
while your shapes altered
and I clung to my familiar form,
no signal could have been given.

As it happens, an arrangement
is a compromise
and life
becomes just a series of changes
through which we drag each other.

Goodnight...

Charlie Haas

The sun had parted courses with the world
And in its anger, greying skies were hurled.
And when the sun had struck the dawn; it wept
Till filled and emptied of its tears, it slept.
It watched the rains that filled the vacant skies
And mocked itself beneath the heavens' guise.
And soon it gathered all the scattered shards
And built a pearl white dome; and then its bards
Spread music through the wetted rocks and leaves:
The sun, possessed, washed shadows through the trees.

Naomi Cohen

I have walked these roads before
In the rain song of early evening
And I have watched, from a solitary tower,
The waters of the night turning below.
I have known the steel gray of the evening
In the empty shadows of people's faces
And I have mirrored their unknown desires
In a longing for the solitude of a memory.

For every ecstasy, for each moment of joy
We have maintained our equilibrium
In similar minutes of drought.
For every touch, for each thing conquered
We have smoothed our shallow planes
In similar reflections on the pain of loss.

My illusions have scattered and gone, I know
For we have been left with the fragments of their broken shells
And because
I have walked these roads before.

Naomi Cohen

Ambivalences

I don't want to be a junior counselor next summer, principally because I think there is no point in coming to a camp like Buck's Rock and then spending the whole day in one shop. As a member of the staff I would no longer have the freedom of choice that a camper has to work in the many varied shops. Yet I don't want to give up Buck's Rock. I don't want to give up the opportunity I enjoy here to do the weaving and ceramics work and sculpture and painting that I can't do at home. I don't want to surrender the freedom of Buck's Rock and the freedom that is implied in the word "summer": freedom from school, from routine, from parents, from the wall-papered walls and carpeted floors of a city apartment where school books sit grinning maliciously on the shelf because they know that every night makes one day closer to school again.

Buck's Rock has kept me safely from these cold reminders in an atmosphere where I write for the fun of it, where I'm not graded but criticized. My writing doesn't go from typewriter to bottom desk drawer. I write for an audience: the counselor who will edit my work with me and the people who will later read it. I don't want to give up the resident critics at Buck's Rock.

I seem to be reaching the end of one stage of my life, a stage somewhere between the circus and the Philharmonic. Buck's Rock is my stopping-off point. I vacillate between wanting to remain here and enjoy the freedom to be both child and adult, and wanting to leave as fast as I can. Entering college next year will, I'm sure, force me to mature and thus leave this stage quickly. But next summer, because it will be the very end of the stage, will probably find me wanting very much to be back here.

Although most educational institutions cannot make learning enjoyable, Buck's Rock has managed to do so. In the two years I have been here it has taught me what most people begin to learn only when they "move out into the world." I have learned about built-up hopes that are followed by disappointments and about problems that seem insurmountable. I tell myself that I don't want to give up the "small scale life" here, but I think that what I really object to is that not returning next summer

will thrust me into a world where there are no previews and no compassionate counselors to erase my mistakes. At the same time, I don't want to come back as a JC.

I know what Festival will be like. I'm going to walk around camp and say goodbye to the Print Shop and the Social Hall and my tent and I'm going to remember when we put up the pinwheels (they won't be turning anymore) and think, "My God, I'm never coming back! I'll never see Buck's Rock again in my life! But I've got to come back. Maybe I will..." And we'll drive away and I'll still be saying, "Maybe I will, maybe..."

Robin Simons

Act of the Storm

The storm was coming.

The rain was about to fall like
a fish being caught in the air.

The man quickly but cautiously
approached the scared animals
---the goats and the milking
cows---and with the lead of one
hand led the creatures
to the barn which
would be their shelter till the
rays of rain stopped.

The thunder sounded.

Suddenly there was a time of
darkness over the whole
area of the man's cottage
and the animals' barn.

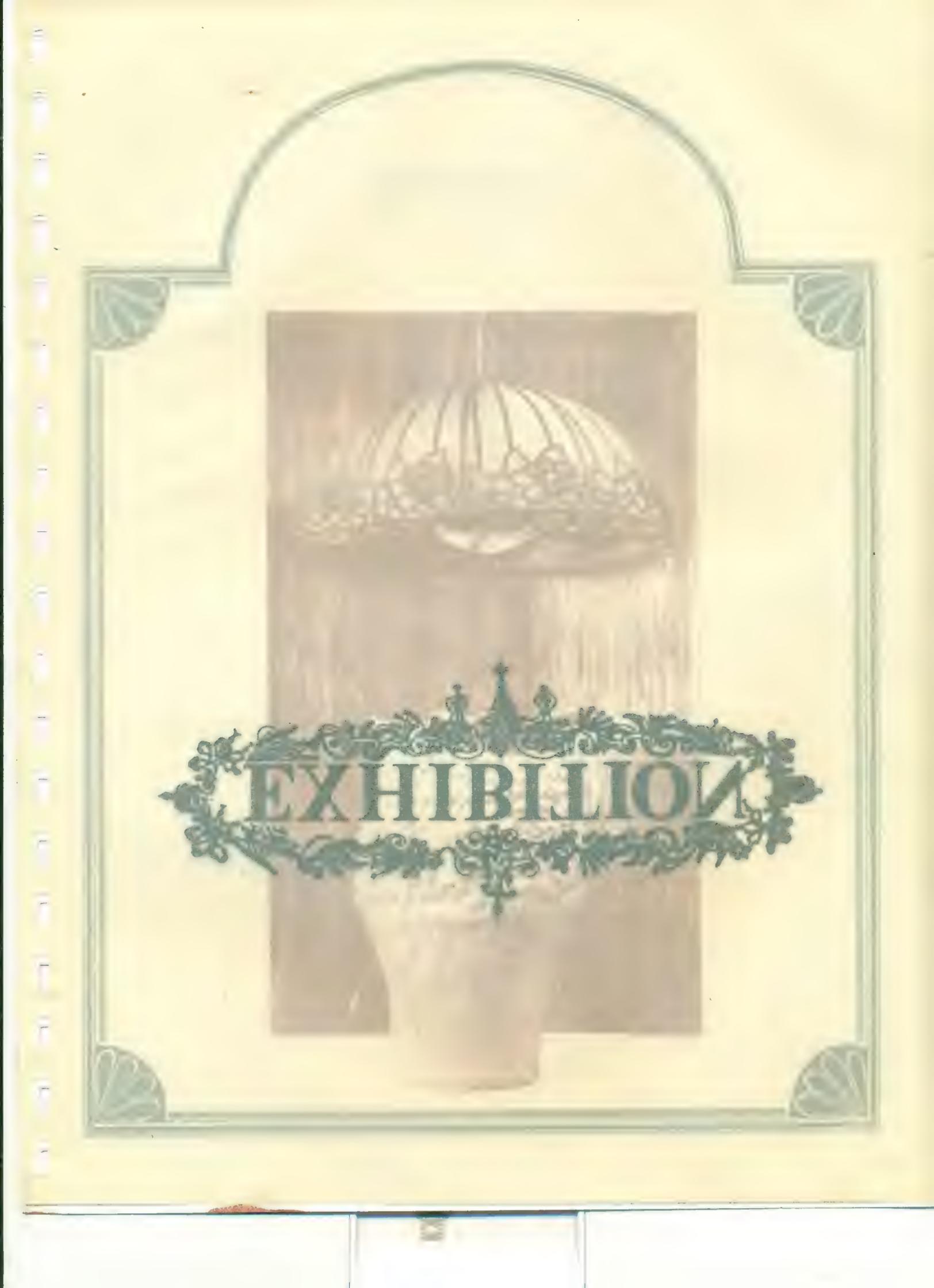
The hunting dog's tail was
pointed straight down like
an arrow which had been
shot into the
ground with a great deal of
force.

The seige of rain was now
over. Everything was back
to its normal shape and
temperature---the goats and
cows grazing, the farmer
fixing empty holes around
the cottage, while the dog's
tail is up, watching the
multi-colored rainbow rise
over the mountain, as
happy as the rain that
had just fallen.

Steven Korff



EXHIBITION



EXHIBITION

...featuring representative
examples of some of the
jewelry, weaving, fabrics,
pottery, fashion and
cabinetry produced in our
shops

◀ THE SILVER SHOP ▶

...beginning at the top of the face page and reading from left to right are the following sterling pieces...

PENDANT made by Marjorie Levinson...consisting of a soldered wire frame with smaller parts suspended from a chain by jump rings

FISH PIN made by Elizabeth Rosenblum... : consisting of a silversheet frame with sheet scales

WIRE RING made by Tina Ranyak...

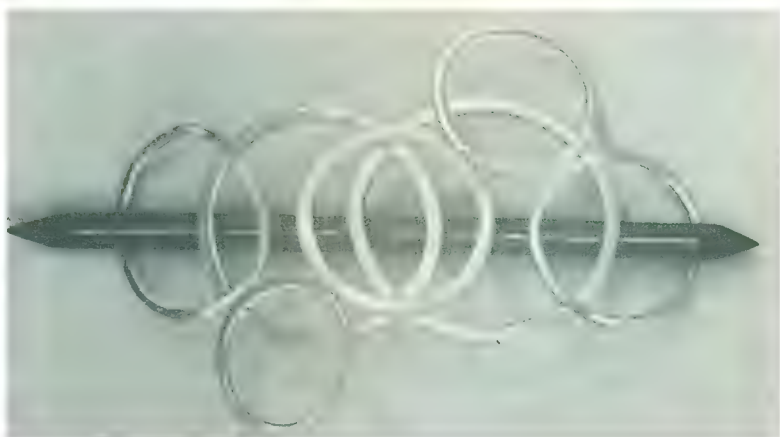
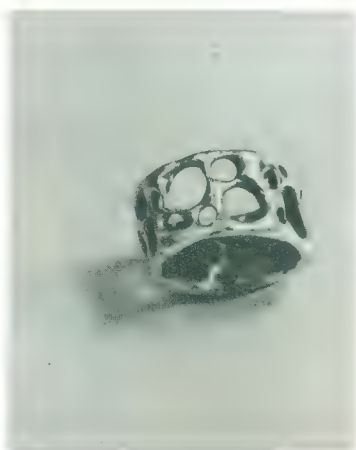
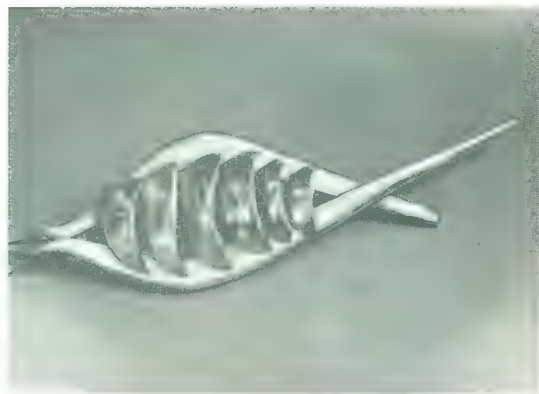
consisting of three multi flat wire bands with a top assembly of soldered pieces with oxidized background

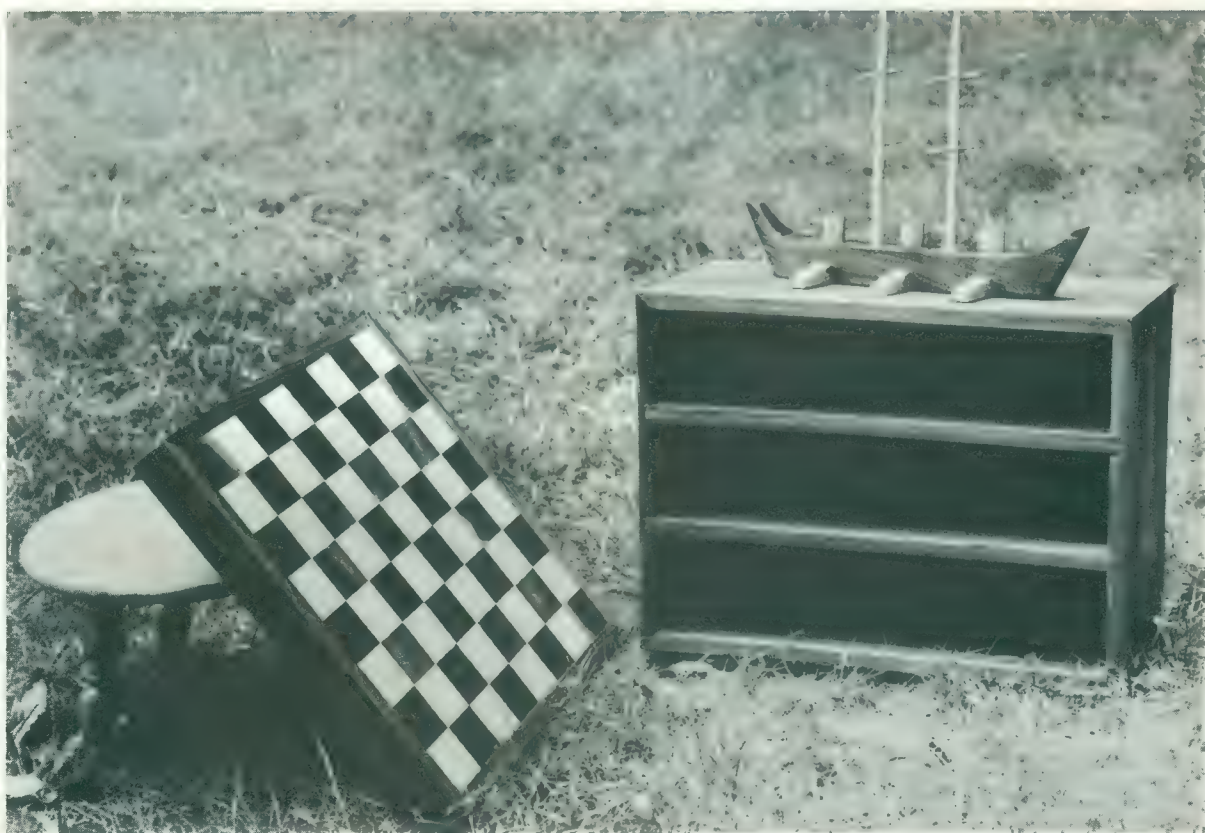
SILVER EARRINGS made by Marilyn Adler ...consisting of cut sheet that is curved then oxidized completely; the center stone is twin pearls

CENTRIFUGAL CAST RING made by Kenneth Probst... originates with a wax model prepared with files and knives; a type of plaster is poured around

the wax model, and the wax is burned out; silver is melted in a centrifuge and then, as it spins around, the force spins the molten silver up into the channel leading to the hollow inside the plaster; the silver cools, the plaster is broken off, and the silver ring is polished

HAIRCLIP made by Andrea Small... consisting of forged wire assembled into an overlapping design; the stick is ebony with a silver wire insert





WOOD SHOP

Top

WALNUT COFFEE TABLE in the foreground is of a modern design, constructed entirely of solid black walnut. This table features dowel joint construction throughout for strength and added beauty. Built by Paul Wexler.

RECORD CABINET made of combination of solid and veneered black walnut, featuring slots for individual and album records. Built by John Light.

Bottom

CHESSBOARD in the foreground is made of solid walnut and maple squares glued to form a checkerboard design, framed in solid walnut. Made by Ed Loeb.

THREE-LEGGED MILKING STOOL of solid maple with lathe turned legs. The legs are mounted at an angle of 15 degrees to form a sturdy, useful, decorative stool. Built by Larry Golbe.

BOOK SHELF of solid walnut, using miter joints for the corners and dado joints for the shelves. Built by Josh Tankel.

SHIP CANDLE HOLDER with solid walnut body and maple masts. The candle holders are aluminum tubing cut to one-inch length. Made by Richard Krauss.

◀ CERAMICS SHOP ▶

...beginning at
the top of the
face page and
reading from
left to right...

BUD VASE of slab
construction
by Tina Ranyak

BUD VASE, slab
built, with
varying
shades of
iron glaze by
Maddi Sadin

SMALL BOWL par-
tially dip-
glazed by
Paola Borgatta

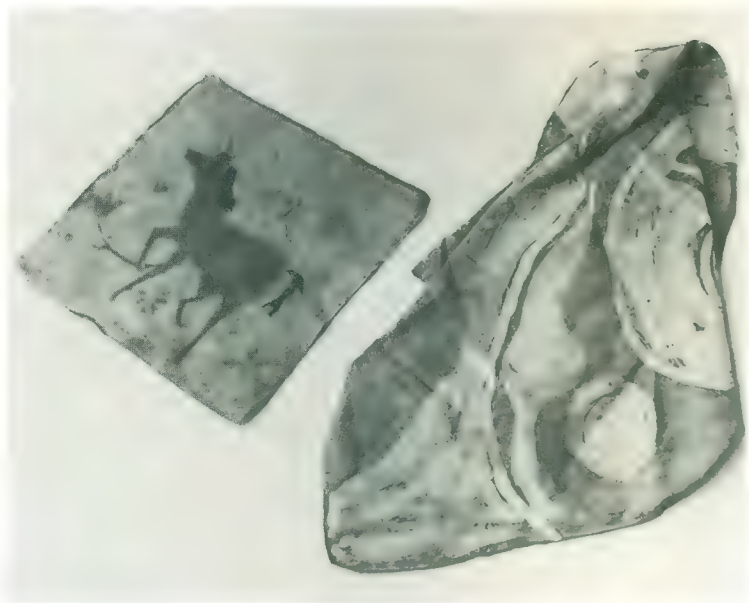
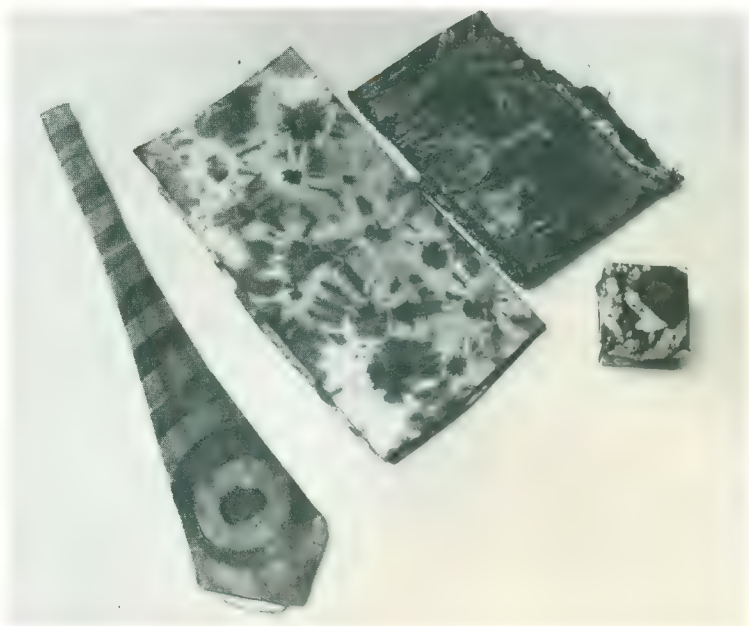
TEAPOT, wheel
thrown, with
lug handle
by Scott
Camazine

THROWN POT-
TERY: very
thin, with
high gloss
glaze by
Jane Tavalin

BOTTLES glazed
inside, with
poured dec-
orations out-
side by
Paola Borgatta

RAKU WARE:
hand made
bottle with
sprigged on
decoration by
Maddi Sadin





FABRIC DESIGN SHOP

BATIK is a process originating in Java in which hot wax is either brushed on material or applied by means of a kind of wax pen called a tjanting needle. The material is then cooled and dyed. The areas covered with wax will resist the dye, producing a white and color design. The material is allowed to dry and the wax is then ironed off.

TIE-DYE is one of the oldest printing methods known to man. This, like batik, is a resist process. In batik the wax causes the dye to be resisted; in the tie-dye the tightness of the knots tied in the material resists the dye. There are generally two basic patterns produced by this process: stripes and star bursts.

upper left

Batik design by Julie Kaufman done on previously dyed material

An excellent example of a starburst tie-dye done by Buffy Shapero

A jungle animal batik done by Elizabeth Schnur in blue and white

A box covered in brown and white circular pattern by Donna Zalichin

lower left

Donna Zalichin modeling her batik sari in rose and violet

A striped tie-dye sari, made and modeled by Andrea Small

right

Batik wall hanging featuring a unicorn in a garden by Andrew Tabbat

Rose and light blue batik scarf by Lori Ubell

← COUTURIERE →

Four dresses...left to right

A black bordered rose print on a white background. The coat dress was made by Pamela Clark

A royal blue-gold "window-pane" check-bonded wool, empire style with a wide bias waist band, made by Anne Golob

A green and white fabric, batik-dyed in the Fabric Design Shop. This A-line, bellsleeve, lined dress was made by Karen Rosenberg

A tan-colored flannel, si bonne lined jumper, hand-picked, was made by Barbara Waitzman

Group from left to right

Joan Schwartz wearing a colored "window-pane" lined voile

Barbara Waitzman wearing a two piece dress, black and white checked overblouse with black shirt

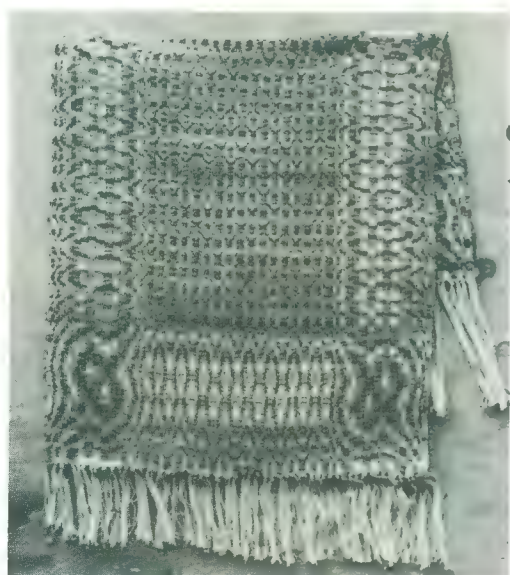
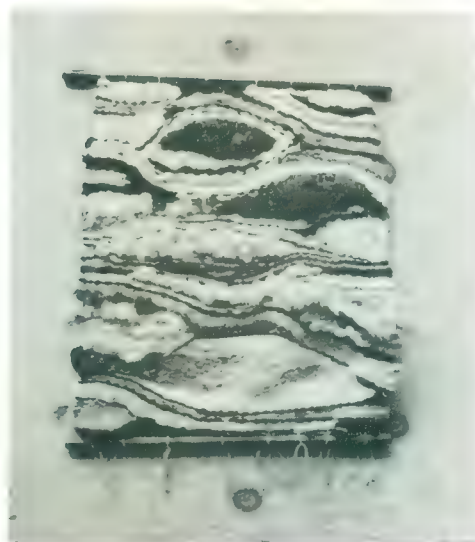
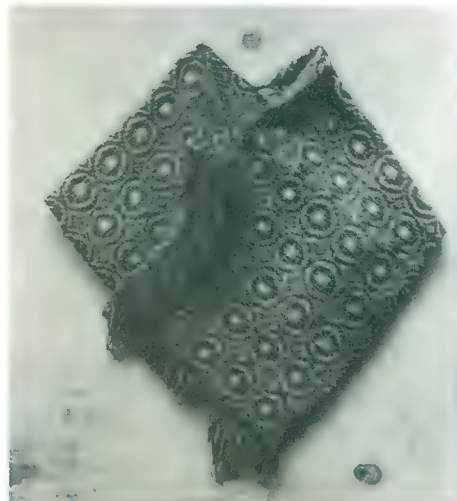
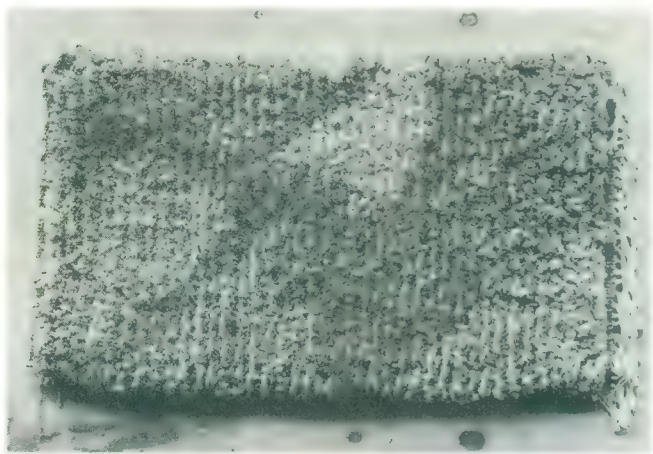
Eve Shapiro in her own "embroidered around the neck" aqua, fitted raglan sleeve dress

Caren Benzer wearing a pocketed print tent dress and carrying a green corduroy tote bag. The "Gorik" sitting on the wall was also made by Caren

Jill Lesser in a two piece yellow corduroy dress and pants outfit

Pamela Clark wearing a lined printed voile. The print is reversed on the bodice.







WEAVING SHOP



...beginning at the top of the face page and reading from left to right...

FLOSSA RUG made by Debbie Rothman. It is an original design, using the ancient technique of Turkish or Ghordian knots. The method is now called Flossa or Rya, both terms from the Scandinavian countries.

HOOKEK WALL HANGING by Audrey Gordon. It is produced by rug hooking on a mesh backing. Loops of wool are punched through the mesh and are either cut or left as loops on the front of the surface.

PONCHO by Amy Kaufman, made by pattern weaving in wool from an Old Colonial pattern.

WALL HANGING by Sara Bolder. Made on a frame from unspun wool and flax, with linen and wool yarns.

WOVEN MATERIAL made by Aviva Cohen. A pattern weaving from an Old Colonial pattern done in mohair and cotton.

...closed for the season



S.E.A.C.

Many people have been dissatisfied with the evening activities this summer, but very few have been willing to do anything except grumble or play tether ball every night. Those who complained to Ernst were told that it was their responsibility to do something about it. Most backed down immediately, frightened by the thought of planning and organizing an activity involving many people. The girls in the Octagon did organize a very successful treasure hunt, but afterwards the evenings slid back into the perpetual rhythm of square dances, movies, and Buck's Rock Summer Theater. Something clearly had to be done, both to relieve the monotony and to prove to Ernst that initiative and enthusiasm could exist in every phase of camp life.

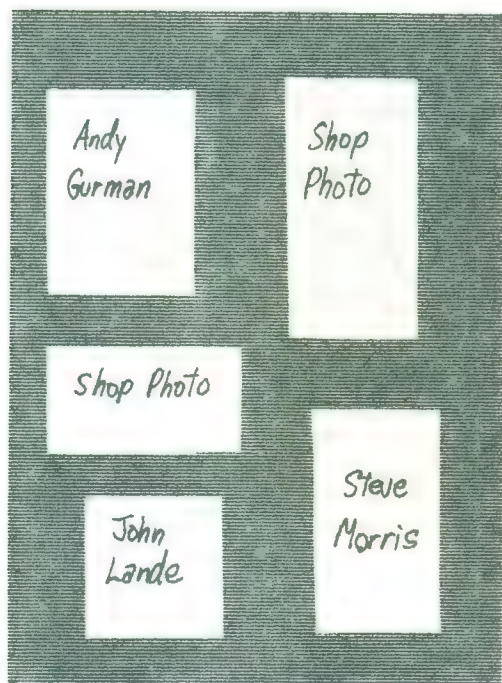
S.E.A.C. (the Spontaneous Evening Activities Committee) was the brain-child of a half-dozen campers and CIT's who had had enough. Fed up with the counselor-organized planning committee, they formed one of their own. They met one morning in the Girls House lounge and discussed various possibilities for evening activities which could be arranged without the help of counselors. Someone suggested a chamber music concert.

Although attendance at the concert was poor, S.E.A.C. bounded back with an evening of protest theater, directed by Karen Rosenberg with the aid of Marge Garber. The event was advertised far in advance, and the Dance Studio was filled to capacity. The performance, a reading of anti-war poems and scenes from plays like Macbird, The Informer, and The Sacrifice, was near professional, and showed that S.E.A.C. had not been wasting its time.

At this writing, S.E.A.C. is planning a poetry reading. Several dancers have been invited to improvise to the poetry and it promises to be an interesting evening. In the beginning it was hoped that other campers would begin to plan activities on their own, and that the need for S.E.A.C. would cease. Although this does not seem to have happened, and S.E.A.C. has not been a total success, it was a beginning. Perhaps next year all evening activities will be camper planned and executed.

Lori Ubell

players and painted stage
took all my love





...And the Big Blue Runs Amuck

Larry Aldrich is a rich guy from New York who owns and fills an art museum across from his summer estate in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Jo Jochnowitz is a middle-class counselor at Buck's Rock who fills a sculpture shop with people whom he never fails to amuse or, at least, confuse.

Jo's circus and menagerie always try to entertain their customers. In August, the company (including all the monkeys, elephants, and CIT's) planned a road tour to the rich guy's art museum. After an announcement at breakfast that the trip had been postponed, Jochnowitz yelled at Ernst, "Ohno, the eggs are good, and oh yes, the trip is on!" With Ringmaster Jochnowitz dressed up for the extravaganza in his clean bowling shirt, the Big Blue rolled out of camp at 12:45.



Barely had the show begun when Katz the Clown noticed that the rear of the truck, holding the entire menagerie, had dislodged itself from the cab. Undaunted, Jochnowitz cried, "We will yet visit the rich guy's museum!" He was right, for down from the high hills of Buck came the Big Turquoise, and the trip was resumed.

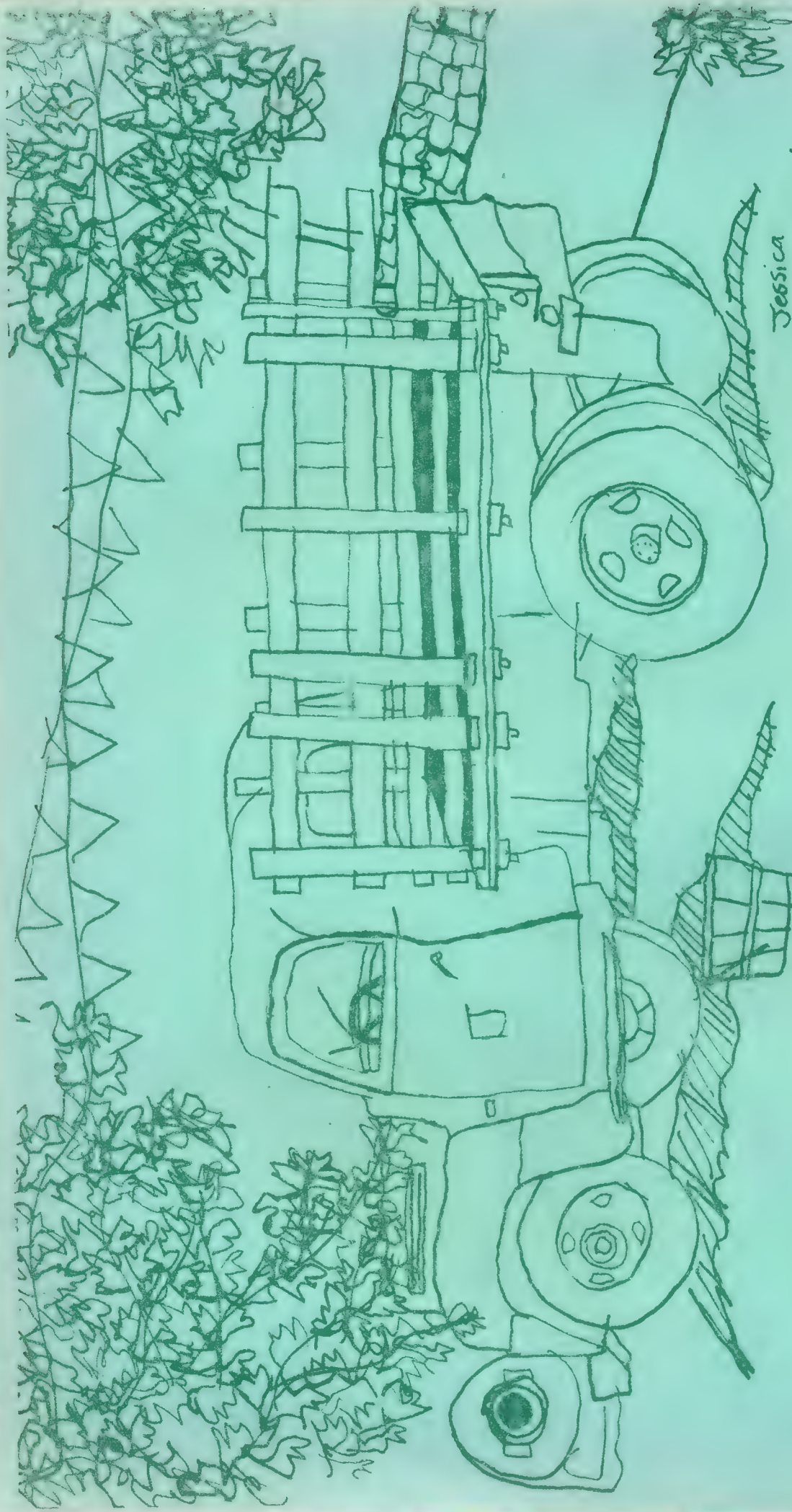
We were all amazed at the speed with which the truck carried the touring company. After one or two brief watering stops, we found only the Day Camp of Ridgefield, where the truck broke down again. The camp's director, who had never before seen a circus and menagerie traveling in an open truck, was quite bewildered, but he gladly gave us a jump start.

Conveniently for us, rich guy Aldrich had situated his museum only a few blocks down the road, but, not so conveniently, he had never been informed that the Great Circus Jochnowitz was touring. In short, the museum was closed. In a fit of anger, the ringmaster let the animals loose in the Aldrich sculpture garden and yelled to anyone who would listen, "Never trust those rich misers. Why, they don't even let you mooch a pack of Marlboros."

As the truck rumbled back to camp, residents of the area heard this chant sung atonally:

When you leave the Rock of Buck
And the Big Blue runs amuck
It is Jochnowitz you must chuck.
If you don't, it means hard luck!

Ed Yelin



Jessica
Krasilovsk



Terpsichorean Tempest

It was going to rain and there was nothing anyone could do about it except ignore it. The bloated, yellow sky threatened, but we could not admit the possibility of rain on Dance Night. The proud, eager parents and the curious campers who had assembled were oblivious to our anxiety and waited noisily for us to begin. There were safety pins and leotards and pancake makeup and unruly hair to occupy us while we waited. And then there was the taut silence that always comes the instant before a performance starts, and then it started.

The bright, silent stage seemed completely removed from the black wings filled with dancers. People ran between the costume shop and scene dock or stood in the wings watching. As we watched, the lights went down, then up again, and we were on stage.

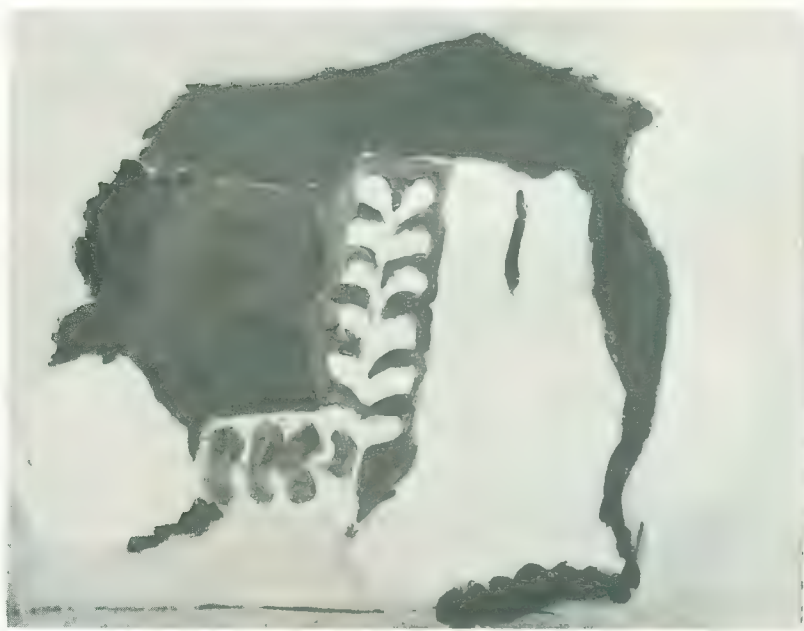
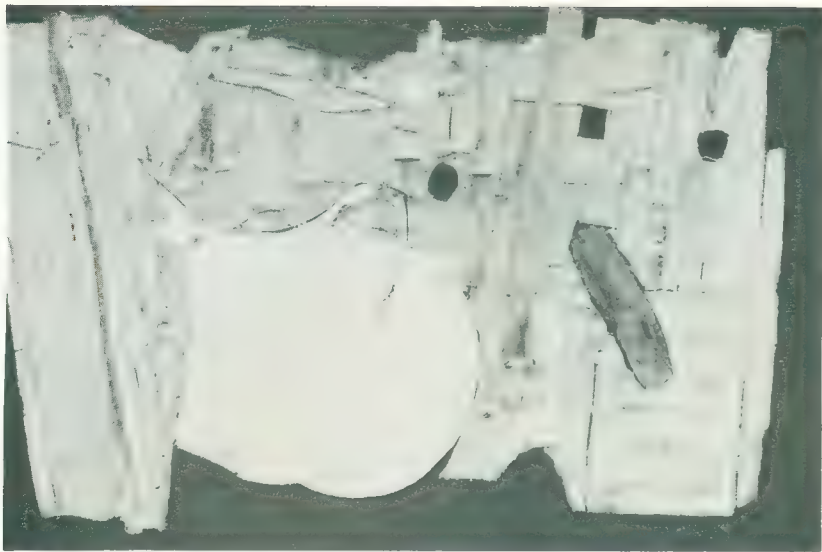
When you finally get onto stage after four weeks of rehearsing you can concentrate on nothing but your dance, unless there is a major distraction like a thunderstorm breaking directly overhead. The rain hit like pebbles on the roof of the stage, and wet people in the audience made loud, unhappy sounds. Confused and panicky, we finished our dance and left the stage.

We all waited tensely for the rain to let up, but instead it got harder until finally the

word came from the sound and lighting shack: "The dance concert is temporarily postponed." Parents, performers, campers came piling onto the stage to watch the rain. Our makeup began to run, our costumes got damp, a heavy mood of desolation settled upon us. Fifteen and then twenty minutes passed. The crowd on the stage shifted restlessly around the edges.

And then, slowly, the cramped people on the stage began to move off into the surrounding area and found that they could; the rain had stopped. We ran to the scene dock and laughed and hugged each other and the dance concert was resumed. The audience was jovial now and we were relaxed and happy. Runs and kicks, two more dances, then one, then applause. It was over.

Ellen David



*Michael Marqusee
Susan Buchbinder
Paola Borgatta*

Sonnets

The sun's not yet shared amity with the sky
Although it's seen the world today, I know
It passed the night with teacups and a sigh
At table with a star for candle's glow.
But when the tête-a-tête had deliquesced
(The star had obligations to perform)
The sun, who felt no urgent need of rest,
Requested new companions 'til the morn.
And so it packed a bag of gold and dew
Which several clouds helped carry on the way
And travelled to the Eastern lands and slew
The night that ruled, and there it made a day.
While half the world hears raindrops in the night,
The other half makes rainbows in the light.

Robin Simons

Manhattan in the swelling dark of night
Will drown and flood her streets with black and gold
Of neon kings adorned in cloaks of light
That walk among the stars aloof and bold.
The buildings rise to bless the avenues
And windows stare indifferent to the song
Of a guitar and flute that cry the blues
And sung by lonely souls who trudge along.
The moon has kissed the river with her eyes
And trees are whipped and tossed by wailing winds
While in the square a lonely poem dies
And traffic lights and car wheels whirl and spin.
The nighttime city kisses me and flees
When Dawn appears and blows a morning breeze.

Marilyn Adler

On death and life my thoughts will often pass
Along with other thoughts of sorrowed hurts.
On none of these does my mind seem to grasp
Their magnitude; they only come in spurts.
But life, I think, has not complete existence
I often feel I'm watching from above
If I forget and weaken my resistance
Then deaththoughts come and all I crave is love.
The thing with death---not the idea of dying
And thoughts of utter darkness in beyond---
But this: the end of all the children's crying
And laughing---these of which I was so fond.
The fear is not of my soul downward sent
But that this is the starting of the end.

Steven Vogel

If when as evening comes to afternoon
And I am wandering the face of day
Might I, within the hollows of the moon
A furrow find in which to end my way?
If when as morning sleeps beneath the rains
And wakes me to the stillness of the dawn
Might I escape the callings of the panes
And lie reposed, while waiting to be born?
If when I shade my eyes into the night
And from myself all time is brushed away
Might I within eternity of light
A conquered moment ever find to stay?
If when as I had lost each feathered leaf
Would still I sleep within the west wind's grief?

Naomi Cohen

Up from the unmarked graves the voices come
The sound of many suffering men and minds
The sound of death-cries and the sound of guns
As though they fled a horror of some kind.
The blood of men and all the blood of earth
Are mixed with dead thoughts from the minds of men
They all cry out against the war-like birth
Of bloody corpses that once shrouded them.
Now rain beats down with force upon their chests
Their open eyes stare at the clouds of war,
For man has laid them to their final rest
To lie forgotten, left forever more.
Their war-maimed bodies lie along the ground,
Their wounded souls cry out with muted sound.

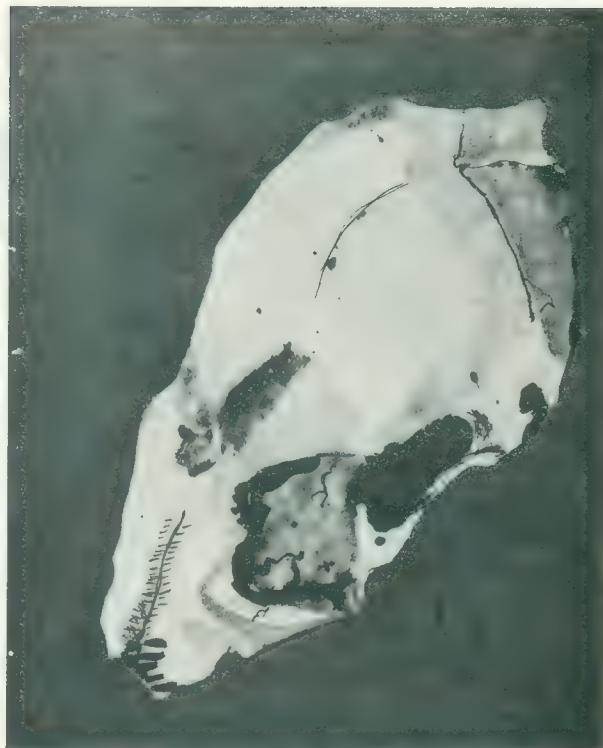
Betsy Schulz

The flames that ravaged well my soul and leapt,
Beneath the strains of muses once my own
Have quenched themselves, have sought, have found, have slept
Among the leaves the autumn winds have blown.
The tides that flooded visions on the shore
Of seas pulled only by a summer moon
Have found repose in patterns now my core
And wrapped themselves in winter's webbed cocoon.
The waiting and the born, the rising flames,
The tides that wash and herald summer's morn,
The nights enshrouding every ebbing light---
All now have known a pagan time who tames
The waiting songs of birth and death and dawn,
Abandons them to circles of the night.

Naomi Cohen



Carol Brodtkin



Daniel Mehlman



Ellen Shankin



You saw me
a hard, long tree standing;
beating to the always-tune
that I myself incessantly composed;
allowing birds to come upon my branches---
not knowing that they would perch there anyway;
colossally alone.
How did you love me
knowing that by my own wish
I had planted myself still;
and that my song rendered me closed
to you.

Karen Rosenberg

Party

I considered the idea
of paralyzing everyone there
with a wave of my
wooden ruler
but things would have been
considerably less
challenging---
so I wanted to do it.

And someone looked at
my ruler,
thinking it was a standard
and another sneered
said I was a fool
shouldn't be there
didn't belong there

I smiled, and was
careful to cry.

(Actually, I'm quite
attached to my ruler
because
it was free

and I can never
draw a straight line
at a party.)

Charlie Haas

Art and/or Flipflops

On the day of the Art Shop's sketch trip, a group of industrious and artistic campers and the Baraniks (likewise industrious and artistic) came trooping down to the waterhole in bathing suits, workshirts, sneakers and/or flipflops, carrying paper, pencils, erasers, and drawing boards.

On went the ambitious fifteen or so, slipping merrily along the slimy rocks of the East Aspetuck, stopping every few minutes to unearth May's right flipflop, which had a disturbing habit of burying itself in the mud about every three paces.

At last the group settled themselves on rocks and proceed



ed to draw the tranquil surroundings of the silver stream and its framing foliage. At least they tried to draw the tranquil surroundings of the silver stream and framing foliage, while half the drawing boards went floating down stream with the pencils, paper, and erasers following.

Then, thoroughly soaked, leaving puddles behind us, we piled into the well-insulated back seat of the Baraniks's car and drove off to Conn's. It took some time to decide what to order since the Baraniks were treating. Filled with sundaes and sodas, we left Conn's and drove back to camp to recuperate for dinner.

Emmy Glicksman

Strike!

It all started one day when Mike Kempster decided to give a selected group of workers "Varsity Slipsheeting Cards." The noble De-slipsheeters, who had silently borne massive discrimination against their art for weeks, felt they could contain their feelings no longer and formed the "United, Consolidated, Federated, Amalgamated, International De-slipsheeters of the World, Incorporated, Limited."

At nine o'clock, Tuesday, August 8th, In the year of our Lord Gestetner, 1967, two solemn representatives stormed into the Print Shop and posted on the wall a forceful statement of grievances (on the shop's scarce cherry paper, yet). The following complaints were set forth:

- (1) The De-slipsheeters are considered inferior workers.
- (2) They have been refused "Varsity De-slipsheeting cards."
- (3) They are forced to work under intolerable working conditions (Mike Kempster) with no fringe benefits and extremely low pay.

(4) De-slipsheeting is not recognized as a true creative art. Furthermore they insisted that if these grievances were not remedied by ten o'clock, they would be forced, against their will, to strike. The management (although responsible for the bulk of the petition) did not realize the gravity of the situation, and refused to negotiate terms.

At 9:55, the air grew tense. Would they or would they not strike? The De-slipsheeters whispered warnings: Five minutes...

two... three... one! Suddenly the mob (most accurate approximation leads us to believe there was a total of about four girls) shouldered their picket signs (hastily scrawled on slipsheets) and marched about the Print Shop. The management, fearful for its yearbook, sent a distress call to BBC for strikebreakers. The De-slipsheeters, spurred on by this unjust move, raced down to Radio Headquarters where they voiced their urgent plea for aid and sympathy in their monumental task. Enraged, the management rushed down, and a passionate battle was soon raging in the Radio Shack, much to the dismay of the President of BBC, Dave Gelber.

With impartial mediation offered by the broadcasters, the war soon became an organized debate between one representative from each camp. Finally (after about fifty-eight and one half seconds) the unbiased Radio-Announcers made their decision: they felt that Management should yield to all of Labor's demands.

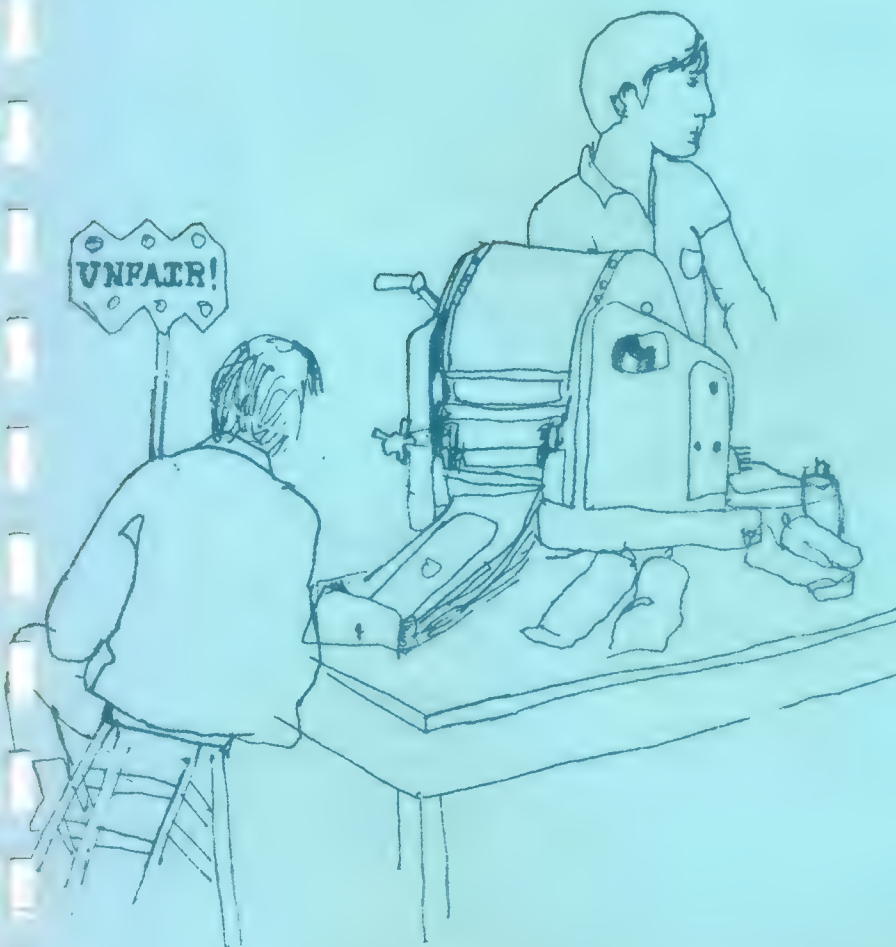
This was met with spontaneous applause from all of the spectators (also unbiased).

However, the strike was far from ended. The unscrupulous management, back in their own domain, did not feel bound by the terms of the mediation. With work starting to pile up, though, the oppressors saw the light and agreed to print "Varsity De-slipsheeting Cards" that very night. The De-slipsheeters, being kind-hearted souls, agreed to the terms and the seemingly endless (slightly over an hour) strike was terminated.

***Footnote**

The contemptible management, in an attempt to stifle free-enterprise, has refused, in spite of the thirty-fifth amendment, to do this article proper justice by printing it on its scarce cherry paper.

Jessica Titman
and
Jill Lesser



If once again the age of fire might return
and with it bring the resurrection of the exchanged mind
in the most awesome explosion since the sky began to burn
I might be stilled and my voice in its fiery silence find

the words it tries to say

Black-eyed glass holds the deadly potion
but the price it demands can be counted only in stars

flashes of light continue in unceasing motion
behind my eyelids when the darkness bars

kaleidoscopic night

The endbrushes of my consciousness are playing games
between the witch and her silver-tongued siren.

an unspoken word exchanged, the fatal names
are called again. We arise in time to the tyrant's

tune. The game is lost.

No escape from the ever-tangling thoughts now
Come no more the final blues of limbo
I won't hear you.

Lisabeth Cohn

Tennis Tournaments

A trip on the windblown truck was usually the way in which you arrived at another camp for a tennis tournament. Occasionally you went in cars, but you'd rather remember the truck being jarred and bumped, having your hair blown and tangled about your face, everyone talking at once or nervously thinking about tennis.

Then you arrived and, occasionally, were invited for lunch before playing. You met your opponents, looked them over appraisingly, began small conversation, and then--played.

Your opponent would have half the camp comprised of her friends (and, probably, close enemies too) cheering her on. They would, of course, applaud madly at her good shots, while they responded to yours with a sense of duty and tennis etiquette.

Russ or Peter, along with members of the team, might be watching also. In that case, after every ball you hit you'd look at them for a smile or a frown, searching for encouragement and advice in their glances. They would applaud enthusiastically your hard-earned and well-played points.

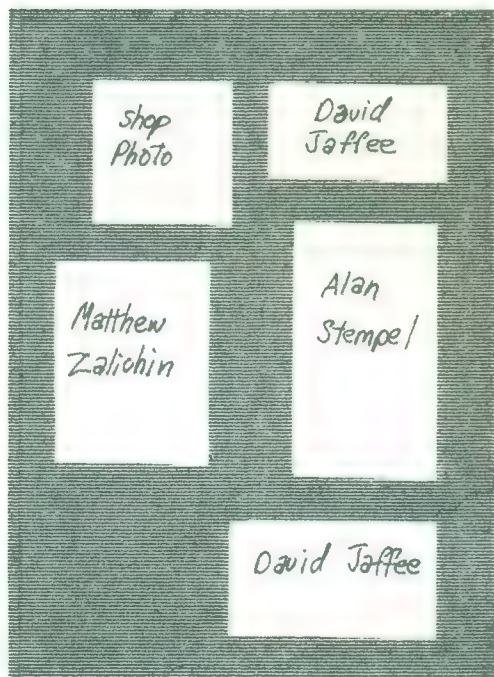
Maybe, during the middle of your game, you'd see another member of the team and you'd know at a glance whether he was victorious or not. You'd silently congratulate him, and his victory or defeat would give you the little extra energy and strength that could make the vital difference.

Finally, you'd finish your match and be congratulated or consoled on its outcome. You'd watch another, mentally playing along with your teammate, wincing at his mistakes, proud of his accomplishments.

Eventually the entire match would be completed. On the truck back you'd discuss the day's events, everyone more relaxed and usually happier than on the previous ride. Sometimes, there would be a stop for hard-earned victory food; sometimes not. Tired and excited you returned to Buck's Rock, greeted everyone, and exchanged stories of the day.

Kathy Kafer

honour is flashed off exploit,
so we say





A Change of Scene

After being an individualist and an outsider all my life, I find that being part of a group at Buck's Rock takes some getting used to. In some ways it is even disappointing.

In my Manhattan junior high school I am constantly on the defensive. Every time someone says "hello" to me I stiffen against what I know will be an almost instantaneous dislike of my appearance and beliefs. It took some time for me to adjust myself to the "hellos" of Buck's Rockers whom I found to be warm and open minded. Besides, everyone here wears her father's shirts and opposes the war in Vietnam. Although there may be a pressure to conform at Buck's Rock, I do not feel it. Long haired, sloppy, and sandaled, I fit the camp image naturally. Buck's Rock is the first institution that I have felt represents my beliefs. This feeling has resulted in an extreme loyalty that I have not previously felt for school or community.

Being an accepted part of a group is somewhat disappointing. An element of guilt arises. Why am I not out fighting for peace and suffering a little to make my beliefs known? It feels too easy, just to sit around here in an atmosphere of comfortable agreement. Then too, it is rather satisfying sometimes to stand aloof from a group and hold to my own ideals. I am deprived of that satisfaction here.

Although Buck's Rock has given me an invaluable sense of security, I will not be sorry to leave its homogeneous society. And seeing that I am not alone in my convictions will send me back into the harder, realer world with renewed confidence.

Sharon Mattlin

Hypothesis

*Every morning we awoke together
One in heaven, one in hell
One prevailing, one defeated
One near reaching the world
One falling off it
To live again.*

*Pressured to sleep on manufactured beds
Ordered to eat the manufactured food
Forced to breathe the manufactured air
We live again.*

*Laughing at God
Pinching the mind and filling the ego
Kissing the lips and neglecting the breast
We live again*

*Making roads and praising nature
Welding steel and tensing skin
Pumping up and running fast
Deflating to nothing
We live again*

*Screaming yes and meaning maybe
Climbing trees and hammering nails
Stripping bare and painting
We live again*

*Soaring down, spinning under
Whizzing at, cutting together
We live again
Pasting apart
We live again.*

Lee Zlotoff



Where
Broadcasting
Begins
Calmly

Three o'clock and the last record of Abrams' show has gone off: "Pictures at an Exhibition" again. Harman sitting nervously in the chair facing the control room and Spiegel facing me. Waiting thirty seconds for our theme music to go off, watching for the "ON THE AIR" sign to light up and desperately trying to shut up the people watching from the outside. Fred's hand up in the air, waiting to cue the opening bit. Everyone holding his breath; Mandell cueing up the first Moby Grape cut.

Then, ten seconds before air time, someone squeezes a paper cup of bug juice through the studio door. We gulp it and continue to wait.

Steve walks in.

"OLENICK HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU KEEP OUTTA THE STUDIO WHEN WE GOT A SHOW WHAT'S GONNA GO ON---"

"I just wanted to get the records for the---"

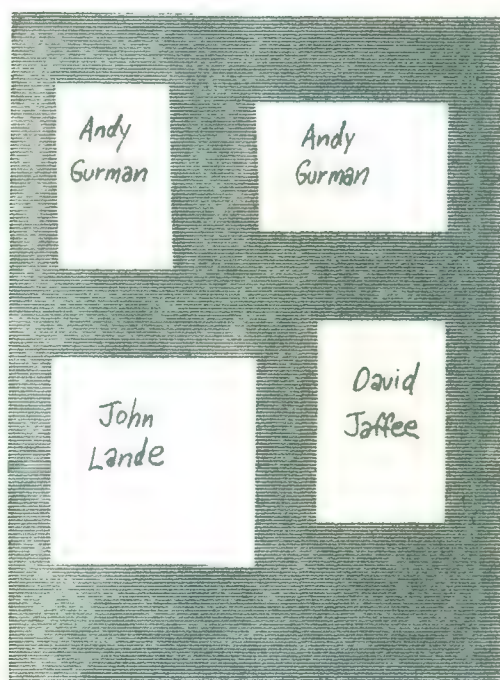
"ON THE AIR" lights up: instant panic. Olenick freezes in mid-step and Fred bolts upright. I try to clear my throat with as little noise as possible, leaning into mike #1 (on the boom stand) and saying:

"Good afternoon. This is WBBC, 640 on your AM dial, at Buck's Rock Work Camp in New Milford, Connecticut..."

And we're on.

C. Steven Haas

OOOO that Shakespeherian Rag-
It's so elegant
So intelligent





Stratford Unvisited

Of course it had to be an awful morning, to scare us, if for no other reason. So I sat in the Octagon and dried tights with my hairdryer while I watched the other members of the aforesaid bunk panic. There is nothing like a muggy morning to send girls in rollers out of their minds. Eventually, though, the tights were dry and a tremendous crowd of clean, well-dressed Buck's Rockers were eating an absurdly early lunch, trying not to drop their corn on the cob into their well-pressed laps.

All of a sudden there was quiet. The busses had left and Buck's Rock actually became a quiet, peaceful, almost empty place. The sun came out and for the first time in days it wasn't hot and muggy. The work gong rang at one o'clock, and it was still quiet. At snack there was finally enough. Over the lawn the sky was a fantastic shade of blue with a few tremendous, white, and extremely harmless looking clouds floating high enough to be of no concern whatsoever. The afternoon, of course, went by too quickly.

At dinner there was more corn on the cob and seconds and even thirds on a variety of kinds of cake. Then...coed softball or a folksing.

Over the softball field the sky was still millions of miles away, and attention was focused on the ball. I played, but still don't know who won. The folksing had turned into a campfire but was still singing and the sky was going a steadily darkening shade of purple. The fairy story clouds were mixed with deep purple flat pieces of some kind of amazing cream, split across a portion of the sky.

Gold chariots with golden horses and golden men should have come streaming down from the sky and the ball of orange flame that was the campfire should have hung suspended in front of that magnificent backdrop for a second, just so I could see what it would look like.

Betsy

THOUGHT

Have you ever stopped to think about thought? It is one of the few strange powers over which humans have variable control. The act of thinking can never really be restrained because it is always in constant regeneration. When you are sleeping some other words for thought are dreams or nightmares. When you are sleeping and think something bad it is called a nightmare. If you think of something good it is called a dream. When people do things without thinking they frequently must pay overwhelming consequences. Thought grows in many ways as we do. Our minds and thought can depend on our personalities and vice versa. What is thought? An object, a sense? It can be almost anything to almost anybody. We cannot see, hear, or feel thought, yet we know that it is there. But how do we know that it is there without proof? We know thought is present by thinking it is there. You'll never get out of this world alive without thought; think about it.

Seth Weber



Is there ever real loneliness? I guess not, for I always have myself. But until I realize that (and each time I forget it), there's no pain like loneliness.

Loneliness. To leave a movie by yourself, while people laugh, and thick winter coats touch, brush, press.

Just walk. For everything is moving. But stop and all else runs by without glancing at your window seat. Isolation is not emptiness when someone knows you're alone and cares.

(But to be alone, unknown, bother no one someone care to bother me. It's hard to bear--and worse-- to know that I've chosen this.)

Robby Spain



The careless stack of books, a quick but feeling shadow, wind whistling by. And all resume their normal identities when morning comes.

Robby Spain

The Saga of a Weeder's Digest

It all starts out with a decision on the theme. This is usually resolved at an informal meeting by Lou Simon, Marge Garber, Fred Yockers, and Emmy Wiener, plus any helpful campers or CIT's who happen to be in the vicinity. Once the theme has been determined, an announcement is made to come to a Weeder's meeting (usually induced by the threat of Mike Kempster telling all-day long shaggy dog stories if you don't come). At the meeting, the budding young authors of Buck's Rock suggest and are assigned articles and are given a deadline. Weeder's has been born.

For the next few days, there is an uneasy atmosphere of boredom and stagnation in the shop. Fred Yockers has already started a dummy copy of the issue, based on how long the articles will be. The two fairly constant pages of every issue, the cover and back, are worked on.

Finally, the articles start to trickle in. After the content, style, spelling and other technical errors are worked on, a final "dummy" is typed. Fred then counts the number of words in the dummy and lays the story out on a stencil. He then decides what the color of the page should be, sets the title in art type, and considers possible illustrations for the page.

Illustrations lead to the pride and joy of the Publications Shop, the Gestefax machine. Its job is to transfer pictures on paper to stencils. Briefly, this is how it works: a photo-electric cell sends signals to a stylus via an amplifier, causing the stylus to cut holes in the stencil, which is the reproduction of the original. The stencil can then be used on an ordinary Gestetner machine, and at least 5,000 copies can be produced from it.

After the stencil has been prepared, the fun begins. A three-man crew is required to run off a stencil. One person is needed to operate the machine, one to slipsheet, and one to de-slipsheet. Slipsheeting is a form of unskilled labor forced upon campers, although it can be fun (we have a varsity slipsheeting team). It requires the person to slip cardboard sheets between papers coming off the machine so the wet ink doesn't smudge. De-slipsheeting is removing the cardboard when the ink has dried. For a normal issue of Weeder's, we usually aim for 550 or 600 copies, and finish with about 500.

One thing should be noted about the atmosphere of the shop: the counselors hardly ever get mad. About the maddest anyone can get is when a new camper runs about 300 copies backwards, and Mike Kempster utters his immortal phrase, "Pastafazoola!" Whatever that means.

Paul Taub

1958

Woodshop completed.
Weather station and
proscenium arch for old
stage constructed.
Woodshop mural painted.

1959

Dance Studio and light-
ing shack built.
Ceramic Shop Mosaic
executed.

1960

Octagon and rifle range
built.

1961

Scenedock and costume
Shop constructed for old stage.
Art, Rainbow Room, and lawn
chairs built.

1962

Rec Hall built.
Rec Hall mural painted.

1963

Sewing and Fabric Design
building constructed for
Silkscreen Shop.
A-frame built.
Poker chips introduced into
laundry system.

1964

Sculpture Shop created.
Art Shop foundation laid.
New stage and new Print
and Publications Shop built.

1965

Marionette Shop created.
Art Shop built.
Motel added to pre-fab area.
Brick kiln built behind
Rec Hall.

1966

Music Shed foundation laid.
Weaving Studio/Library built.
Amphitheater created around
stage.

1967

Music Shed completed.
Sewing Shop created.
New Girls Cabins replace
Green Mansions.
Farmhouse burned down in
electric storm.
Tents erected for CIT girls.
New incinerator in Lower
Siberia.

The new period...from 1958 on. Most of the big buildings at Buck's Rock have been built. The spirit of the camp has changed from the exuberance and innocence of youth to the joy and sorrow and growth of being adult. There are no more long dresses...

The kids are new, a new type. Their lives have not been shaped by war, as the kids of the first generation were, nor by the post-war years, as the second generation was, but by Anxiety and the Beat Generation---Kerouac, and Ginsburg, and the San Francisco poets. They are the upper-middle class hippies and anti-hippies. The only true teenyboppers are those who deny it vehemently---that is, the Buck's Rocker today. Everyone agrees once more.

The shift from farm to creativity is complete. Only a few people now own Weeders of the World cards, meaning they've worked on the farm for ten hours. The kids during the war could do that in two days. But it took them a lot longer to make a pot, or an oil painting, and the yearbooks were much smaller.

The new architecture is Zlotoff Modern. The slanting roofs of the Print, Music, Art, Library and Weaving buildings mark a distinct change from older structures.

Marionette, film, sculpture, architecture---many shops have developed which may in the future be housed in big beautiful buildings. Big, small---but always offering a freedom of choice, of creativity, of action---Buck's Rock moves on.

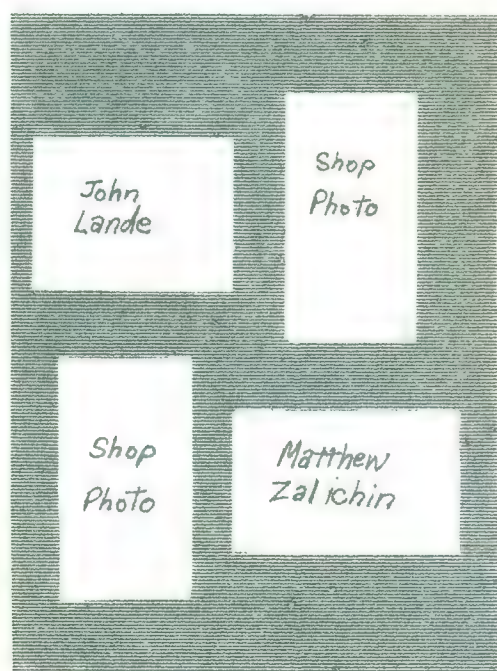


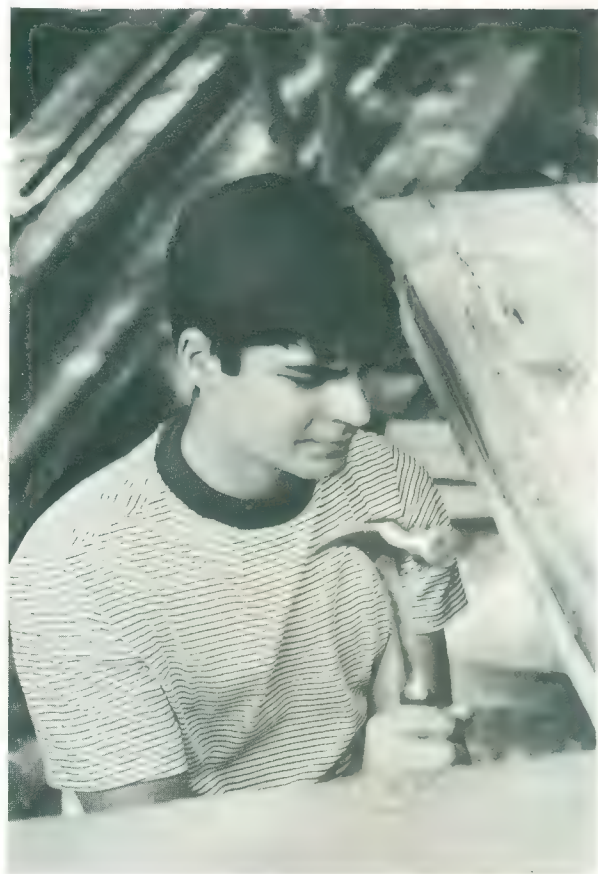


The skies of dusk are wrought in choral rounds
And watered muses singing morning sounds
And seas of sun entwined in pagan dawn
That flood the earth with circles lost in song.
The heaven chants a chorus of the day
And sings a holy song; the sunlight's stay
Is but an arc in heaven's circled psalm
Brought at dawn to heaven's waiting calm.
And men at dusk can hear the fugues of time
And drink the moments deep, for then the wine
Of final dawn inebriates their souls
And blinds their eyes; and twilight tolls
 The loss of each eternity to night
 That songs that flood may veil a sacred light.

Naomi Cohen

eternity is in love with
the productions of time







A Loss of Faith

When considering the cynicism of my generation, many adults dismiss it as an affectation or pose, something it is not. Here I speak of sincere attitudes, not the adolescent outbursts that come from those who cry, "Abolish school!" just for attention. Cynicism involves a loss of faith, which summarizes my attitude about society fairly well. I can explain my cynicism and show why others my age become cynical.

I see waste, mistreatment of peoples, widespread callousness, and am powerless to do anything. Where the government spends millions to put a man on the moon, the Negro is worse off than 100 years ago, and promises are cheaper than air. President Johnson was elected on a platform pledged to non-escalation, along with a nebulous promise of a "Great Society," a sort of Democratic Utopia. His use of lethal gases, napalm, defoliation, and the bombing to within ten miles of China surpasses even Mr. Goldwater's proposed conduct of the war in Vietnam. The Great Society exists only as a myth, and the much-lauded poverty program is in a shambles because of red tape and mismanagement. The Appalachian poverty program was given several million dollars to construct approximately 3,000 miles of roads, completely ignoring the real needs of the people. A bill to restrict damaging strip-mining, which would cost nothing and greatly help the people, is sorely needed, but the government bogs down under the influence of the Coal Lobby. A bill is not even necessary---the TVA uses immense quantities of coal from these mining concerns and could easily apply pressure if it chose.

General Electric was given a 2.5 million dollar contract to construct a computer-teaching complex in

Illinois for sixty Indian reservation children. That much money could have staffed and built schools for 5,000 kids, but nowadays we no longer expect the government to function effectively.

Society's faults are the results of "adult acquiescence." As far as adults are concerned, everything is decided on some sort of cosmic pinball machine, and the evils that exist are inevitable. As they grew up, they accepted one small fault after another in gradual doses, eventually becoming acclimated to the evils of society. After high school they might have realized that factory workers were oppressed, and later that there is starvation in the U.S. But by the time the full implications of all this hit them, they were married and had a mortgage and three children. The previous generation was probably worse, but neither can be totally blamed for their lack of concern---in many instances, it has been drilled into them all their lives.

The ever-increasing number of advanced placement programs and the stepped-up pace of present education mean that students learn more and faster. They come to realize the world's faults in a jolt, at a young age, instead of being introduced to them slowly, with admonitions to be practical about life. But the youth can still believe that a Utopian society is possible. He can also conceive of change without the fear of the adult who has lived his life in one type of society and does not want the status quo disturbed. The youth, having no permanent position, has nothing to lose, and so can revolutionize without worrying about his own personal position.

I am cynical because my generation, which could do so much, is kept powerless by adults who alternately try to force us to mature with super-rapid education, and then turn around and discredit our rationality: "You're only 15, so how could you know?" Students could represent a major force for improving society. Maybe that is why we are kept down.

Bruce Greif

useful obscurities flung in the heap
of dust colored heres and nows
protecting death and sharper sickness
like maggots of the sunrise night
and yet you fly all dark unheeding
and yet you look and see the shade
until the insects crucify the day.
until the firefly night squeezes in and
everything persuades you of aloneness.

Lori Ubell



Tanglewood Concert

The trip to the Berkshire Music Festival was one I looked forward to. The mere fact that the concert would take place in Tanglewood made all the difference in my feelings about it. Up until the day of the concert, though, I had no idea of how a Tanglewood concert differed from other concerts.

Entering the grounds, I was confronted by a spacious lawn of clover and grass spreading out as far as I could see. Towering, bulky trees surrounded me and made me feel tiny. Ahead on the lawn, I saw the music shed. It was not at all like the one just built at camp, and I was awed by its magnitude. Thousands of people awaited the concert; some sat and gazed into nothingness while others just seemed to be out for a day in the country.

I walked over to the music shed and entered. Above me was an enormous ceiling. In the very front, dressed in white, sat the members of the orchestra, preparing for the performance. Far above them was a beautiful gold acoustics system. I walked back to a clearing in the crowd of people and stood waiting. I could scarcely see a thing from the rear of the immense structure, but suddenly, piercing the air, came the sound of a lone trumpet. The concert was finally under way.

As the music went on and on, I grew bored. Was the whole trip really worthwhile? Then came the final selection, a piano concerto by Rachmaninoff. It was a piece in which various instruments, in turn, accompanied a brilliant piano solo. I was captured by its lovely melody and rhythm. At the end, the brass, strings and piano combined in a beautiful finish to the piece and the concert.

I left Tanglewood impressed. The last selection had really won me over. And the surroundings, the acoustics, and the atmosphere had all contributed to the experience.

David Shwalb

Renascence 1967

or Lampoon Revisited
by Edna Complacent Filet

All it could see from where it sat
Were empty tables and a gnat;
It turned and looked another way,
And saw three campers run away.
So with its dyes it traced the line
Of the Printe Shoppe, thin and fine,
Straight around till it was done
Then died, where it had started from.

And all it saw from where it sat
Were empty tables and a gnat.
In dearth of friends it could not sit;
Where were those who'd founded it---
All the campers, CIT's,
Enthusiasm, and JC's?

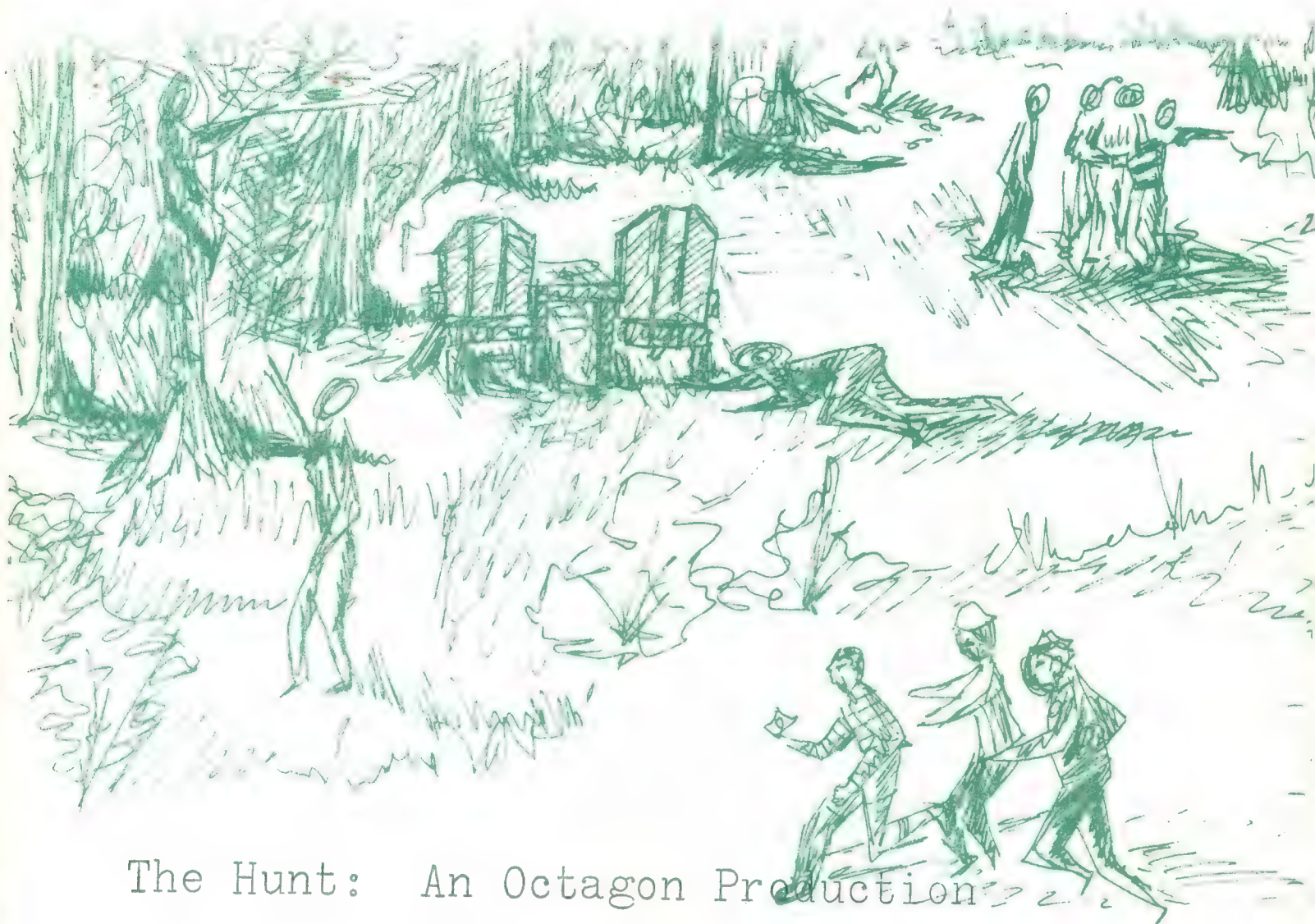
And all at once things seemed so wrong,
"Those who supported me so long
Are nowhere to be seen," it said;
"And suddenly I feel so dead!
So here upon my back I'll lie
But dare not utter sob nor cry."
For round it looked at cardboard wall
Which wet with tears it knew would fall.

"This apathy must somewhere stop!"
And sure enough it saw the top
Of Charlie Haas's head and "There,"
It said, "I know that there is where
Renascence lies---rebirth is soon,"
It screamed, "I am a new Lampoon!"

Up then from its box it sprang
Charlie's idoms within it rang;
Ideas of parody of high school texts,
Of poets and of poetesses.
Introduction and acknowledgements
Elicited laughs from shops to tents.
Never the rain had laughed so hard
As at the sight of Bookie Bard
(and on the cover no less!)

And now Lampoon to its secret wise
"No uninspired shop," it cries
Can e'er hereafter hide me
From my radiant identity."
It now sits tall in humour high
And never again will Lampoon die!

Robin Simons & Naomi Cohen



The Hunt: An Octagon Production

The Hunt took place on Thursday evening, July 27, after almost a week of publicity. After second supper, seventeen teams met in front of the flagpole. Signs were held up to show everyone where his team was to meet. First, Fred Roberts' trumpet call brought the hunters to attention. Then the rules were read and each team got one clue to give it a start. The Hunt was on!

Within one minute, the entire camp, from the infirmary to the recreation hall, was swarming with campers, CIT's, JC's and counselors looking for additional clues. I was on team I. While I was playing, I noticed that at times The Hunt seemed to get a little out of hand. One clue showed a picture of two feet and a dot. As soon as the teams saw this, most ran to the Silkscreen Shop, outside of which two feet are painted on the ground. They soon found out that they were looking in the wrong place. It turned out that the clue meant the Art Shop.

Other times, there would be a scramble for a certain shop, where one team would accuse another of taking its clues. My team was a little mixed up because our clues looked like Team H's. We probably had some of their clues and they must have taken some of



ours. Many of the clues were rather tricky, but after a while we figured out most of them. Two of the hardest to solve were "Bathing Beauties of Connecticut" which turned out to be WBBC (Bathing Beauties of Connecticut), and "The Head Shop" which, instead of being the Sculpture Shop, was the Lighting and Sound Department (LSD). When we saw "Politics and Poker" we thought it might be Printing & Publications, since the initials are the same. We soon guessed, however, that it was the rec hall, because when we hand in our laundry, we receive chips used in poker and we sometimes have discussions there about politics.

Two easy ones read, "Follow the arrow to the next clue" and "When serving on tables, one tends to cause a racket." The former was the archery range and the latter was the ping-pong tables.

Forty-five minutes later the gong rang, announcing that some team had won. Then, just as quickly as the seventeen teams had left the flagpole area they returned to it. The winning team was Team C; their prize was a cookout at Lake Waramaug.

Fred Cst

Thunderstorm

I lift my face
to the symphonic sky
Absorbing with my whole soul
The active, joyous tremors
To which the trees
In violence, scream.

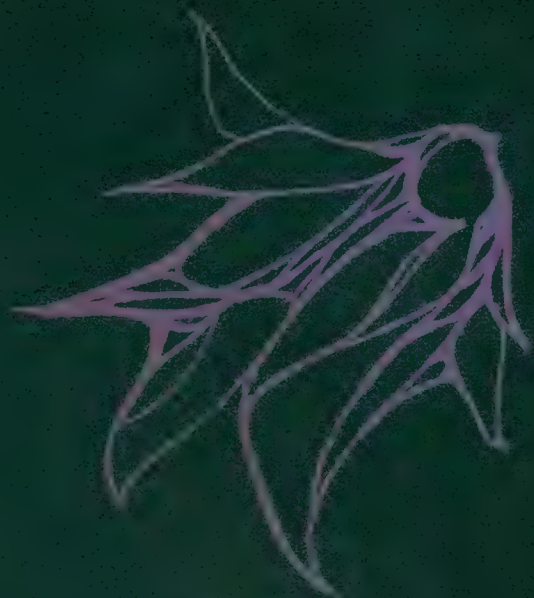
Blinding brightness
Spills from the cloud
and clings
For split second
To the mountains.

In dreamy numbness
My wet body
Feels the rain
Singing.

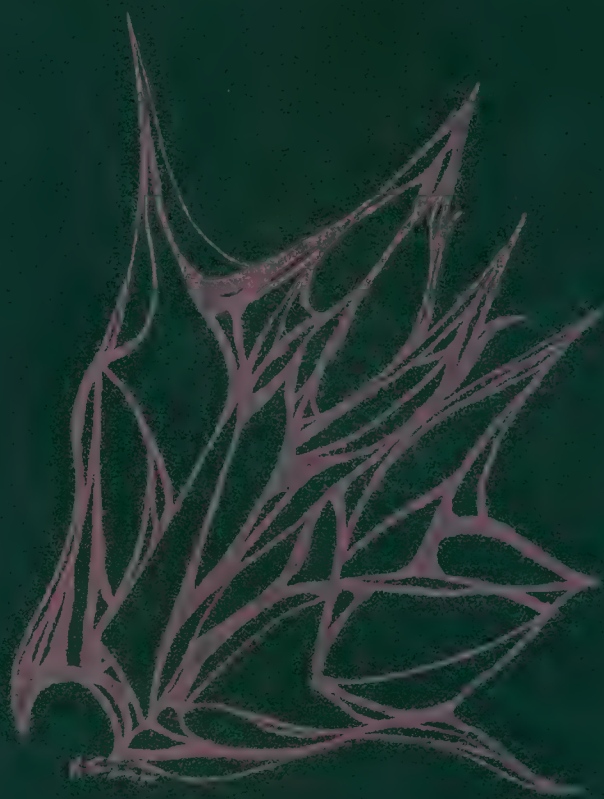
Carol Brodtkin

"Not too shaky," I cry while balancing myself on a ten-foot wooden ladder which sways rhythmically from side to side while a \$70 light hangs on the verge of destruction. I must admit that as a lighting and sound CIT, I have been able to observe this summer's drama program from a lofty vantage point. Although the crew has worked under nearly impossible conditions, it has managed to bring about some very dramatic effects in the productions. We have, of course, also had our nightmares. During *Madwoman*, for example, a "high hat," as a light cover is called, crashed to the stage, caused near panic among the actors and the audience, and led to a momentary interruption in the play. Not as noticeable but equally nerve-shattering are the times actors skip lines that are vital for cues and force the technical people to search madly through their scripts in an attempt to salvage things. To give you a more detailed idea of what life is

like for a lighting and sound man, here is how a typical technical rehearsal goes.



Special Effects From LSD



One counselor sits perched atop a rock so as to view the entire scene while the other walks back and forth, deep in thought as to how to improve things before opening night. Two or three campers control the dimmers, which regulate the amount of light on the stage, and one works the sound equipment. The whole crew is connected by a telephone system with the people backstage. Were you to listen in on one of their conversations you'd hear something like this: "Turn up the dimmer on the red dyc to forty. Projector on with my cue. Are you ready with hot switch five?" Now picture some poor kid attempting to decode all these messages so that he can pass on the cues to his superior all the while that new messages are coming in. Somehow, by early morning, the director is partially satisfied and the campers have grown tired of a certain counselor's bright shocking jokes. (See, Johnny, I can do it too!!) Convinced that the

actual performance will be a disaster, they trudge up to their bunks and a few hours sleep.

Finally the big night arrives. A number of eager composers have been organized into a serious, fast-thinking technical crew. Naturally, all goes well. At last the presentation ends. Although many people are unaware of all the work that has been going on backstage, some compliments do come our way. Chalk up another success for the LSD team.

Dick Abrams

Faux Pas

A group of forty-six enthusiastic Buck's Rock dancers arrived at Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival early in August, excited by the prospect of seeing the famous dancers that were scheduled to appear. Much to everybody's disappointment, however, the performance proved to be a general failure.

Four of the pieces on the program, "Illusion," "Slave," "Labyrinth," and "Eagle," were done by a Japanese mime artist, Yase Hakoshima. The term "mime" has a special connotation which is meant to involve a philosophical interpretation of aspects of life, of social, political, and moral relevance. Hakoshima's studies were largely unworthy of the term. Instead he presented the audience with a type of charade. Without exception, the sketches were imitative, obvious, and literal. The titles seemed to have no justification. Technically speaking, Hakoshima was quite poor. It was easy to spot mistakes, surprising in the work of someone who is considered to be an authority in his field. The fact that Hakoshima is Japanese is purely incidental, because his style was a direct form of Westernized commercialism.

Wesley Fata and Lynne Kothera did a duet, "Dedication to Jose Clemente Orozco" in which they tried in vain to show the plight of the impoverished peasant and his frustration. The dancers lacked projection and the strength which is so essential in trying to convey a point. Wesley Fata was ineffective and almost glib in his portrayal of the peasant. His partner fared a little better, but could not compensate for the overall muddled presentation.

Edward Villella and Patricia McBride, the renowned duo from the City Center Ballet, performed two dances, "Tarantella," and "Harlequinade." Once again the reaction of the Buck's Rock contingent was extremely negative. In both cases the pair played up to the predominantly teenage audience with their flashy technique which was not as competent as expected. They were not really dancing; concentration was missing in their performance. Instead they

were merely entertaining, displaying their technical ability.

The one saving grace on the program was Carmen DeLaval-lade. However her two pieces, "Portrait of Billie," and "Come Sunday," were rather limited choreographically. "Portrait of Billie," was too repetitive and drawn out to keep up any constant interest. "Come Sunday" was the more successful. It was in this dance that she showed her capa-bility as a definitely superior performer. Miss DeLavallade danced exquisitely and her technique complemented her power-ful dramatic quality. Compared to the rest of the program, the emotion that she generated was breath-taking.

One of the most annoying things about the concert was that once the viewer had developed any kind of interest, it was quickly disrupted by the lights that flickered on after every number. It is disheartening to think that Jacob's Pillow could attract so many people because of the impres-sive dancers on the program, and then allow such a flimsy performance to go on stage. To quote dance counselor Stan-ley Berke, "The bus ride was the most enjoyable part of the afternoon."

Julie Miller



August

August is come and I am glad. Around me, I know that time has passed and given life in its passage. In the mornings it is briskly cold now and the wind blows through the trees and through my hair and jacket. The sun has come; it warms through the wind and warms the sky and the clouds to flattened layers of white and to soft grey. And in the mornings there is time to work and time to look at the world and almost weep at this clearness, almost weep at this sudden coming of day.

And in the afternoon, now, in August, there are the hills and the light green grass, and the sun rolling slowly towards the horizon. The sun is now fully warm and the grass is lime green, and the trees, beyond, become a deeper green. The grass and the trees do not clash; they are there. They pronounce their presence, simply, knowing that time passes and they will be gone. And all there is to do is to watch and look and wonder at the world that can be so much with us, this world born in summer.

And August is come, for I have watched the sun falling behind the hills. The sun, like a peacock, unfurls its feathers. For one moment, its fan fills the sky behind us in many lines. Beneath the feathers, the sun sinks, filling the hills and the forests that cover us along our road.

And August is come, for the sun and the grass and the trees sing and tell us that it is here. Tired of watching our inattentions, they have come to call us for one last moment of summer.

And now, night, and still it is August. Do not tell me of the

small number of days left to the awakening around me. To measure in minutes, hours, is too easy. Do not tell me that August lasts but a number of weeks. Do not tell me that this must end for I know only too well; the budded trees, the grass that has grown to harvest heights must go. Like the sun as it falls into the hills, August has unleashed the splendor of the world and cried to us of the beauty that can exist for our eyes alone. I do not know why, I do not want to know why. I only want to watch this sunset about me in August---

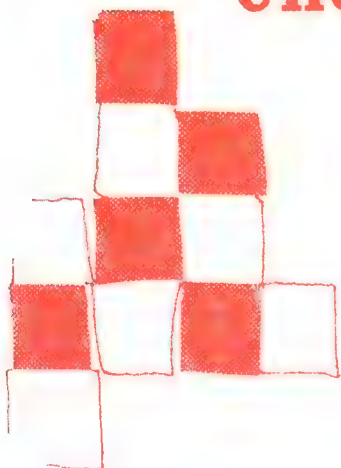
Full moons, and clear night skies, so many white stars. I can hear the crickets and other nightbirds singing relentlessly on, in spite of the night, in spite of the time. Often the nights remind me of snow in the country, untouched, leaving itself for others to regard, to breathe deeply before these moments end.

May they not come to an end, for around me they have just begun. August is come and I need to show that within me, it may be summer still, even as the moments pass. Still the sunset lingers at dusk, running, many plumed, through the skies. And August, all around, slow walks, fast runs, crunching the snow, this silent dark...nights alive and waiting, still, for the people to fill them in the morning.

Morning, and we rise again, to fill the world, and behold---the trees bow to the wind and perhaps we notice and perhaps we want to run from this world. But August is come, and we can only stop for a moment and stare, many eyed, at the wonder of it. We can but sense, we can but know---August is come.

Naomi Cohen

Checkers



On a quiet day by the river,
The old man in his checkered
Slippers drew deeply on his pipe
And tipped his hat to the passing
Life.

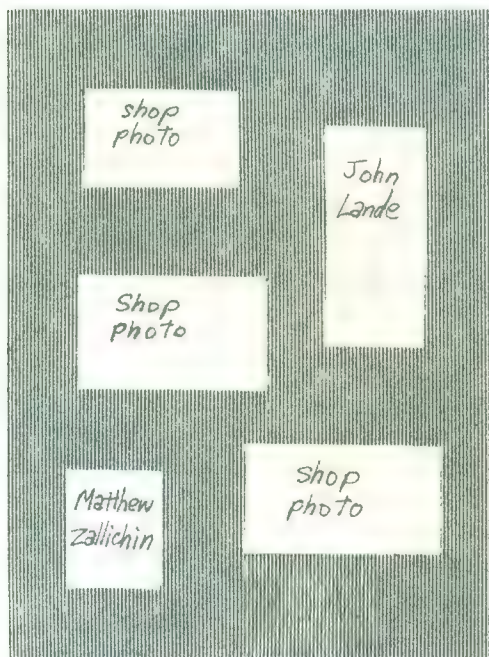
On one side of the checkerboard
(And the small girl on the other)
He played the game onward to the
Day's end.

They were silent as the afternoon,
Their faces masked with thought.
His tired fingers moved the pieces
Tracing shadows on the board.

Her hands steady on the pieces
She smiled at him in apology
Placing a king on a final square.

Paula Jacobson

you are the music
while the music lasts

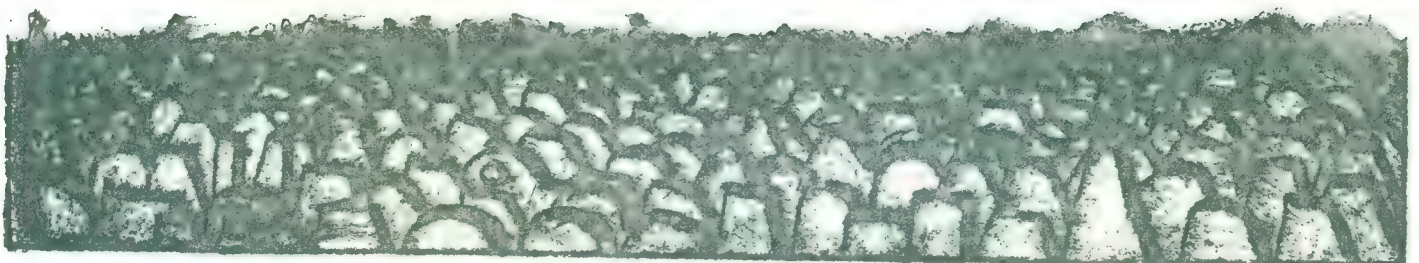




Now is left the empty shining temple
Along the stone bright mirrored walls
the shadows pass
in grave processional

With soft attentions they return
their murmered catechism
Mimicking the patterns of the past
with unconscious gravity.

Lisabeth Cohn



There is a certain type of camper at Buck's Rock---and, I suspect, at many of the camps that are like Buck's Rock---who has kidded himself into believing that he has no use for adolescence now that he's fifteen or so.

Prematurity

The major fears that he has about being an adolescent are that adolescents are known for a certain amount of honesty and---a faux pas---hipness. What could be more deadly to our camper in question than to be considered a folk hippie, a rock hippie, a psychedelic hippie, or a teenage hippie of any sort? So he goes to the next best thing: he exhausts the possibilities of adolescent hipness with as little enjoyment as possible and proceeds to assume a jaded, cynical attitude.

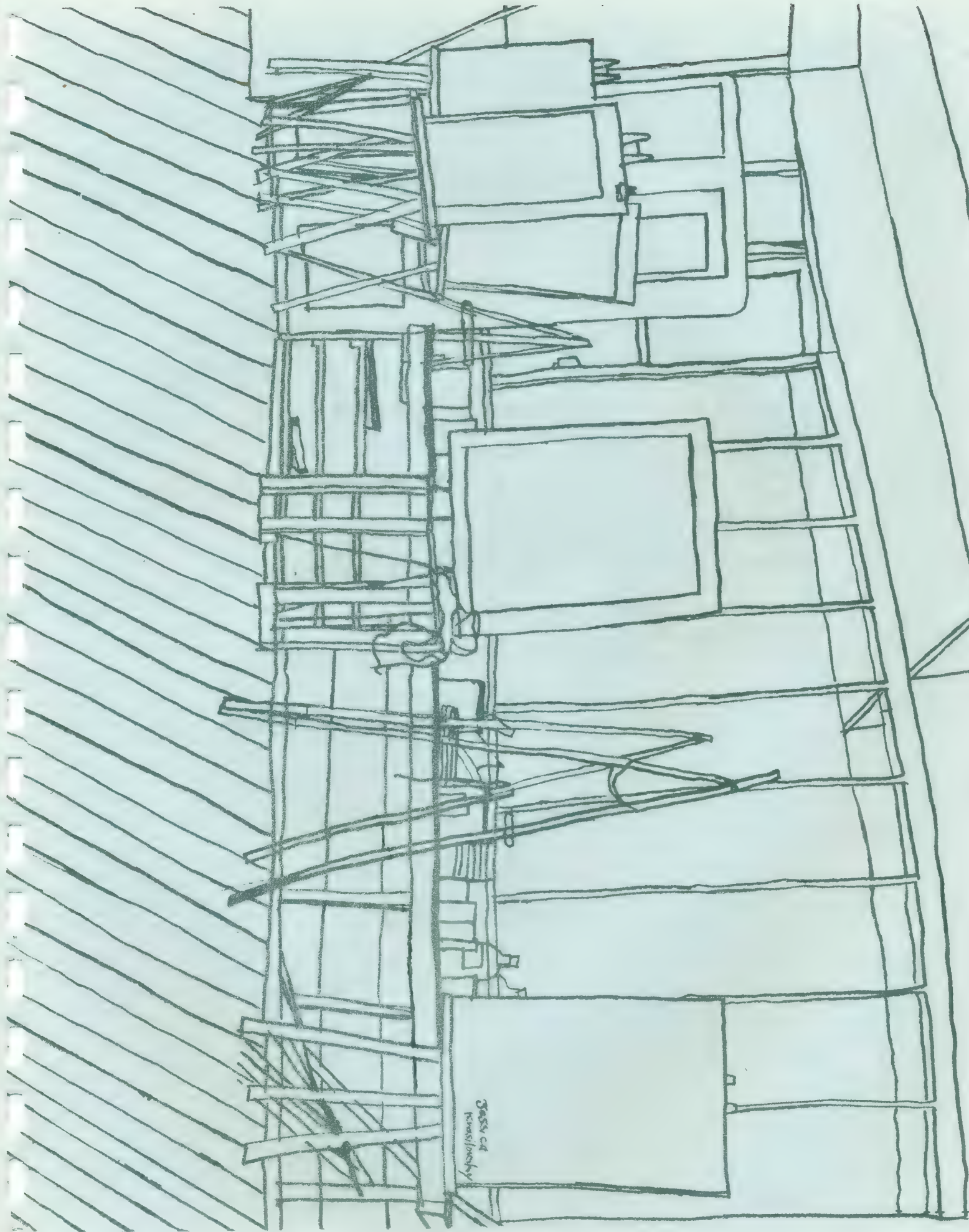
Certainly no credit is due to the typical adolescent "hippie," either. Allegiance to fads without reservation is worthy only of disdain. But our nonhip hippie, whose overwhelming fear of conventional hipness is his basic drive, is a worse sort of hippie in his creation of a new type of blind allegiance.

The rest of us, who have not caught on to the hipness of no hipness and are silly enough to want to enjoy youth while it's here, feel these tragicomic figures of camp life breathing down our necks at every turn. Their basic modus operandi is to set themselves up as cultural and social oracles, although they are no more knowledgeable than we are and certainly a hell of a lot sillier. While the pseudo-adult was once productive in any number of fields---painting, writing, music and others---he prefers now to remain in his bunk smoking and listening to music.

There are two reasons for this attitude. First, although his logic breaks down at several points, the premature camper is intelligent and has taken this attitude only because he fears that he has exhausted his creative potential by being a fireball of creativity at twelve or thirteen. Secondly, we must keep in mind that the pseudo-adult sets himself up as, for instance, an authority on painting. If he were to go to the Art Studio and paint, he would inevitably display the sin he fears most: imperfection. As if this weren't enough, he would have to endure the indignity of constructive criticism, and what know-nothing authority can risk being criticized?

This article does not want to take a Babbit-like attitude against iconoclasm, against all those who don't jump one-hundred percent into the Buck's Rock mechanism without reservation and with total enthusiasm. But it is an attempt to paint a picture of the camper with burned-out energy within him, honesty behind him, and little but withering cynicism before him.

Charlie Haas



30555 C4
Kensington

Down on the field, somewhere between
Second and the pitcher's mound
On this side of the river,
Slowly coiling under a glassy surface
A man stumbles in circles,
Chasing a droning plastic
Butyrate, Ethyl Acetate bomb
(Closely modelled after the real thing),

A sputter, catch, but die
The waspsound ends,
The plane inelegantly bumping groundward,

As a woman who slipped
And fell flat on her ass at a premiere.

Bruce Greif

Summations

This has been a summer similar to past summers at Buck's Rock and yet different. Although the shops and activities were basically the same, familiar tools and ideas again produced new results.

The Summer Theatre, directed by Bill Korff for the tenth year, presented four plays: Giraudoux's The Madwoman of Chaillot, a fantasy about a kindly old woman who combats some of the evil in the world; A Thurber Carnival, a revue consisting of fables, skits, and short stories; Moliere's The Imaginary Invalid, a satire on the medical profession; and Wilder's The Skin of Our Teeth, a play dealing with the plight of the human race. The CIT's produced Oscar Wilde's comedy The Importance of Being Earnest. Three one-act plays, Spoon River Anthology, The Leader, and The Bald Soprano, were performed by the Actor's Workshop, headed this year by Nancy Silverman. A night of protest theatre, featuring excerpts from Macbird, The Informer, and Sacrifice, was presented by a group of campers.

Under the direction of Stanley Berke, Dance Night, despite showers, was a beautiful and successful production. The major piece was Stanley's dramatic work, Salt Garden. Folkdance was headed by Byron Wheeler (international dancing) and Adelle Demkovitch (Ukrainian dancing). Every Tuesday night, 'Slim' Sterling, a professional caller, led square dances.

One of the major events at camp was the opening of the new Music Shed (built by our Capable Construction Crew), celebrated on August 9 by a happening directed by the Baraniks. The annual performances of the orchestra, chorus, madrigal singers and chamber music group on the New Milford Green and over WLAD were again successes, and many campers

were introduced to Indian music for the first time by classes conducted by Jon Higgins. Besides having guitar lessons and folksings, camp folksingers, under the direction of Sue Kahn and Fred Spiegel, formed a Folksingers Society. Another musical innovation this summer was Mattie Brody's opera company, which performed Down in the Valley.

The major emphasis in movies this year was on the dramatic and the suspenseful. We saw Anastasia, The Enemy Below, The Diary of Anne Frank, Carousel, Fate is the Hunter, The Three Faces of Eve, and Bringing Up Baby.

The annual trip to Stratford took place on August 10, when the campers saw Macbeth. August 13 was the date of the trip to Tanglewood, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov, Prokofiev, Colgrass, and Rachmaninoff. Various shops organized other

excursions: the Art Shop went on a trip to the Yale University Museum; the dancers went to Jacob's Pillow to see a dance performance; WBBC and the Electronics Shop visited WTIC and the Amateur Radio Relay League in Hartford; the Science Lab went to Quaker Hill Museum of Natural History; and the writers spent an afternoon at Lake Waramaug. Again there were trips to the Litchfield Horse Show and the animal auction.

As usual, many guests visited Buck's Rock. The Patons, a couple from Vermont, and Arnie Smith, who plays a guitar-like instrument called the Dobro, entertained the campers with folksongs. Lou Gilbert, an accomplished actor, talked to the camp on August 19. Hunter Ingalls of Columbia University read his poetry and gave a lecture on American art. In politics, the S.D.S. Newark Project was discussed by Steve Block, and Hal Lenke, a former Buck's Rocker, discussed conscientious object-

ion.

Two major discussions were held this summer: the first was on Vietnam and was conducted by Dr. David Dubnau, head of the N.Y. Medical Committee to End the War in Vietnam; the Arab-Israeli conflict was the subject of a second forum led by a panel of counselors. Other seminars and discussions dealt with student power, evolution, and parent-teen relations.

Some of the unique evening activities offered were the high points of the summer. Fred Roberts organized an egg throwing contest. Jo Jochowitz and Jon Higgins gave a slide-illustrated talk on India. The mammoth Hunt, sponsored by the girls in the Octagon, was attended by practically the whole camp, and the Buck's Rock Olympics were also a success. One of the most popular events at camp during the last weeks

was the Buck's Rock Bowl, in which representatives of the various shops matched intellects.

Buck's Rock had another successful year in sports. The varsity softball team, under Nick Fisher and Mike Diamond, played against Camps Delaware, Kent, Leonard, and Geer Mountain, to compile a record (as of August 18) of 4 wins and 2 losses. The junior varsity won 4 and lost 3. The six teams in this year's Watermelon League were, in order of the standings in the first half, Ruwenzoris, Dikh-Taus, Finsteraahorns, Jungfraus, Chimborazos, and Tirich-Mirs. The tennis team, under Ross Mundy, was also quite successful and won 6 while losing only 2 inter-camp matches. Dave Pearl's and Miriam Walker's riflery team beat Camp Kenmount by 222 points in their only contest this summer.

The Art Shop worked in three main areas this summer: experimental media, figure drawing, and oil painting; throwing skills were perfected at the Ceramics Shop; the presence of Jo

Jochnowitz made the Sculpture Shop one of the most exciting in camp; at the Silver Shop more gold was used than ever before; the emphasis in the Wood Shop was on modern furniture made with native American wood; campers who went to the Couturiere Shop learned how to make dresses and those who went to Fabric Design often made 'tie die' shirts; at the Weaving Studio many tapestries and hook-rug wall hangings were produced. The revival of Lampoon highlighted the Print and Publications Shop's summer, as production of Weeder's and Yearbook made the shop one of the busiest at camp; campers were able to produce a higher quality stationery with the shop's new thermograph machine; the Silkscreen Shop continued working in many areas, from shirt emblems to aesthetic designs; and a great deal of excellent work, including more color photography than ever before, was produced at the Photo Shop. Beginner courses in electronics were introduced this year at the Ham Shack, and the Science Lab offered sessions in astronomy, radiation, chemistry, embryology, mammalian anatomy, and experimental biology. The library, in its own shop all summer for the first time, acquired 400 more books. Two plays, the Emperor's Nightingale for marionettes and Punch and Judy for hand puppets, were produced by the Marionette Shop. The camp radio station, WBBG, had one of its best years ever, because of the higher level of programming, the Marathon broadcast, and the installation of shop speakers. Products made in the Sewing, Ceramics, Wood, Fabric Design, Silver, and Photo Shops were sold at Festival.

The things produced and the projects accomplished this summer at Buck's Rock certainly were important. It is however, what Buck's Rock meant to each of us individually, how the camp fit into our own inscape, that made the summer meaningful and unique.

Steven Jay Hoffman

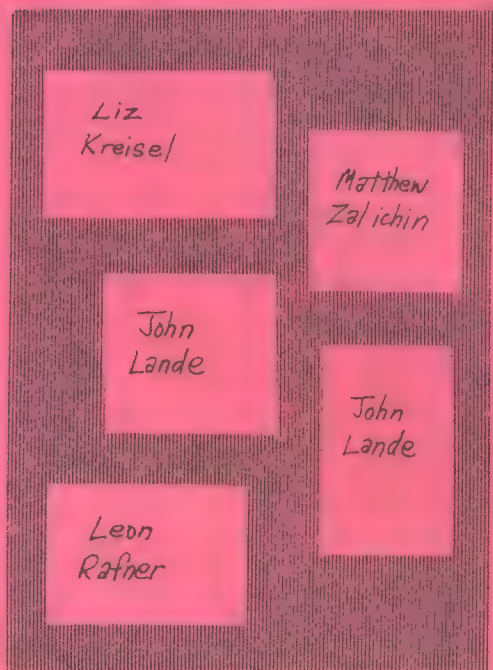
Inertia

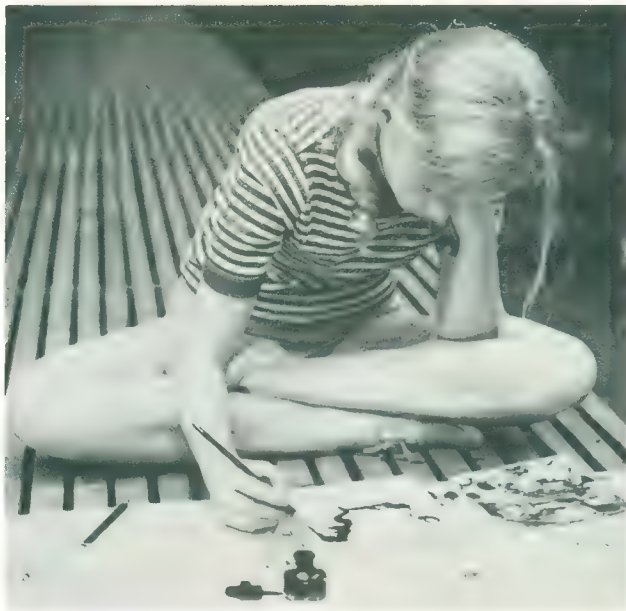
There is some matter
that, when still,
frustrates
until it falls
into motion

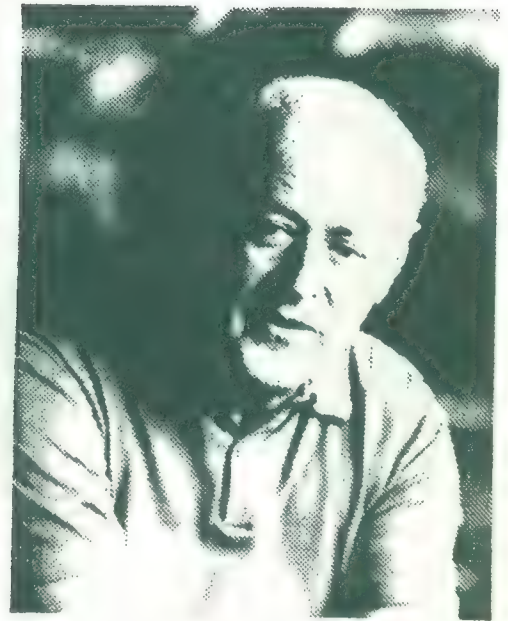
and fingers,
interlaced,
are lumps:
blocks of wood
with rounded ends
and
they frustrate

Charlie Haas

the works and days of hands







Observations

Hardly a summer goes by at Buck's Rock that someone does not say, "camp was so much better last year. I don't know what it is, but it's changed." Summer after summer, you hear that Buck's Rock is not the same, that it's losing something it formerly had. What is it losing? How has it changed? The person who can best answer these questions is the man who has directed Buck's Rock for twenty-five years, Ernst Bulova.

Ernst says that, in the beginning, the feeling of group effort at Buck's Rock was considerably stronger than it is now. World War II unified the country and general sentiment was with the war and our participation in it. Therefore, strong feelings of group participation and work were natural. Buck's Rock was, in fact, started to help neighboring farmers who, because of the war, could not keep up their farms. "The projects that were most important during the war years were projects that had their basis and background in the desire of young people to contribute, to work for others, to contribute to a cause, to be part of a greater community, to work together in concert with each other. They felt that this was the important thing. The important thing was to be social minded, not only in theory, but in actual practice."

Ernst believes that what has happened since then is that



The important thing was to be social minded, not only in theory, but in actual practice.

the average American has become more concerned with himself and his own personal development than with the fate of his country. "He is still interested in mankind as such, but with few exceptions (such as the Peace Corps workers) the interest has become theoretical. The practical interest lies in making the most of his personal life. I might say, though, that this kind of attitude is looked down on by the generation which went through the Depression and which pulled itself out of the Depression by working together, by concerted effort, by cooperative effort."

The changes that have come to Buck's Rock reflect the changes that have come to young people in America. Ernst observes that people today are more affluent than they were in the past. "You can watch this from little signs. If you drive into New Milford you see the boys and girls coming back from First National, from Grants, from the department stores...they sometimes can't quite carry all the booty that they are bringing home. This is indeed a change. In the past they simply didn't have the money."

Most of the campers at Buck's Rock come from upper-middle class

In order to be idealistic you must not be too impoverished.



homes and often criticize their parents for being materialistic. Ernst thinks that some of the criticism is not deserved ---that campers may even owe some of their idealism to their parents' affluence. "In order to be idealistic you must not be too impoverished. If you are hungry and if you have no money and if the rats have bitten you when you were a baby it would be very difficult for you to remain idealistic. Or, if you are too wealthy and become snobbish and just concerned with spending your wealth, then you are not idealistic either." Ernst maintains that the most idealistic class in America is the intellectual middle class. "They are just affluent enough to afford idealism and not too affluent to lose it. And by idealism I mean the desire to work, the desire to do things, the desire to develop one's self for the fate of others, in concert, in cooperation with others."

Although idealistic, the camper who comes to Buck's Rock is not coming to join a particular movement or cause. He is more concerned with himself, with making the most of his personal life, with discovering what "the most" is. "I would say that, by and large, the boys and girls who come to Buck's Rock feel that while they want to be happy and while they certainly prefer a pleasurable life to an unhappy one, the most important thing for them is to lead a meaningful life. Now this takes a strong individual effort. The individual effort is aimed at finding out what would give your life meaning. This will be very different for different people. Some find meaning in the arts, some in doing things that will stand for years to come, some in finding definitions, thinking, functioning well intellectually; others will find meaning through expressing

By idealistic I mean the desire to work, the desire to do things, the desire to develop one's self for the fate of others.



Constant remains the feeling that one has a unique comradeship with others who are of similar minds pursuing similar goals.



themselves physically or artistically in the theater or the dance. There are many different ways."

Buck's Rock is not the same camp that it was twenty-five years ago. Strong group enthusiasm is gone and has been replaced by emphasis on individual freedom. Pursuing, exploring, and deepening one's own interests has replaced working for the common goal, the common good. But with all of this, there are the people who every year return to Buck's Rock for the same reasons, for the things which are unique, yet constant to Buck's Rock. "Constant remains the potential seriousness with which you undertake the projects that you have chosen, constant remains the feeling that this is a very important summer, for finding one's self, for setting one's goals, constant remains the feeling that one has a unique comradeship with others who are of similar minds and who pursue similar goals, each one in his own way and yet tied together by the feeling that this is a summer of discovery and of exploration."

Ellen David



Boys

Peter Ader	39 Cross Highway	Westport Conn	227-7414	2-1
Bobby Aisenberg	215 Trevor Drive	New Rochelle NY	NE2-5889	5-1
Kenneth Amber	526 East 20 St	New York NY 10009	OR3-0609	6-17
Mitchell Atlas	2244 Renfrew Ave	Elmont NY 11003	FL2-2273	3-29
Philip Auerbach	700 Elkins Ave	Elkins Park Pa 19117	635-4336	6-10
Peter Axelrod	71 Spring St	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-3800	8-17
Gary Babad	31 Sprain Valley Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	GR2-4937	1-16
Eric Bazillian	6520 Wissahickon Av	Phila Penna 19119	GE8-1111	7-21
Jonathan Ben-Asher	3 Birchwood Dr	Livingston NJ 07039	992-2008	9-21
Gary Bernstein	30 Shelter Lane	Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-4775	4-10
Hal Blacker	1479 North Ave	New Rochelle NY 10804	NE2-6607	7-22
Jody Bleiweiss	10 Dutch Hollow Dr	Orangeburg NY	EL9-1558	10-27
Arthur Breslau	35-35 - 75 St	Jackson Hts NY 11372	TW8-4934	9-26
Joshua Brody	3338 Giles Pl	Bronx NY 10463	K16-4421	3-12
Andrew Burstein	1 Oriole Pl	Port Chester NY	WE7-4527	6-16
Robert Burstein	1 Oriole Pl	Port Chester NY	WE7-4527	7-13
Scott Camazine	39 Abbey Close	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-2480	8-4
David Cantor	1 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	TR7-9549	4-30
Bernard Charles	109 Old Nyack Tpke	Spring Valley NY	356-3664	11-9
Douglas Coe	1 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY	HU2-7358	7-11
Joshua Daniel	865 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO3-4830	3-20
Henry Dunow	209 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	TR3-4212	11-1
Richard Ehrlich	15 Park Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-5995	9-11
Ethan Fanshel	537 Cumberland Rd	Teaneck NJ 07666	836-9290	7-9
James Feigelman	89-10 Whitney Ave	Elmhurst NY 11373	478-5524	8-28
Jerry Fein	202 Saddlewood Dr	Hillsdale NJ 07642	664-2055	3-1
Arnold Fern	1085 McKinley St	Baldwin NY	BA3-9343	10-22
Miles Fidelman	55 Locust Lane	Roslyn Hts NY 11577	MA1-8969	4-3
Marc Firestone	28 West 12 St	New York NY 10011	242-8292	4-27
Paul Fisher	227-06 Strnghrst Av	Queens Vige NY 11427	HO4-4777	4-27
Robbie Fisher	5 Legion Pl	Malverne NY 11565	LY9-8005	1-28
David Freed	60 West 57 St	New York NY 10019	PL7-9632	9-7
Nicholas Gilbert	790 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10032	AU3-3142	6-11
Joe Gilford	75 Bank St	New York NY 10014	CH3-9138	12-6
Larry Golbe	311 Lantana Ave	Englewood NJ	LO8-6773	10-1
Gregg Golden	8433 Michener Ave	Phila Penna 19150	CH2-2499	11-23
Peter Goldstein	1924 East 24 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE9-1482	4-12
Henry Goodgold	20 Halyard Rd	No Woodmere NY 11581	PY1-4922	3-19
Robert Goodkind	510 East 86 St	New York NY 10028	RE7-1992	7-8
David Grant	19 Joann Circle	Westport Conn	227-8587	6-21
Benjamin Greene	62 Maple Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-4114	8-17
Bruce Greif	77 Valley View	Chappaqua NY 10514	CE8-3300	1-9
Kevin Greif	77 Valley View	Chappaqua NY 10514	CE8-3300	6-26
Paul Grossman	3240 Hnry Hdson Pky	Bronx NY 10463	K16-2639	3-12
Andrew Gurman	24 Elmsmere Rd	Mt Vernon NY 10552	699-5304	5-20

Charlie Haas	3845 Marilyn Dr	Seaford NY 11783	SU5-6413	10-22
Dean Halper	53 Coleridge St	Brooklyn NY 11235	769-8404	5-6
Robert Halperin	36 Farley Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-3424	2-19
Paul Harman	3 Forte Dr	Old Westbury NY 11568	MA6-1948	7-29
Mark Harris	7 Hillview Pl	Elmsford NY 10523	LY2-6195	1-1
Jonathan Haskel	37 Pearl St	Valley Stream NY 11581	PY1-7495	4-16
Steven Helman	1 Lexington Ave	Mt Vernon NY 10550	MO8-7096	8-31
Steven Hoffman	11 South Dr	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-1122	1-13
Paul Housberg	11 The Hemlocks	Roslyn Estates NY	621-8713	1-31
Andrew Jacobs	162-33 - 14 Ave	Beechhurst NY 11357	463-4387	2-27
John Jacobs	162-33 - 14 Ave	Beechhurst NY 11357	463-4387	7-30
David Jaffee	70 East 96 St	New York NY 10028	EN9-9183	7-22
David Jarmul	11 Virginia Ave	Freeport NY	FR9-8652	8-18
Tom Julius	135 Saxon Wood Rd	White Plains NY	LO1-9199	2-23
Michael Kane	261 Exeter St	Brooklyn NY 11235	NI6-6164	8-13
Steven Kasher	15 West 81 St	New York NY 10024	SU7-3869	1-23
David Kaufman	942 White Pine Ave	DePere Wisc 54115	336-4010	3-15
Eric Kaufman	33-68 - 21 St	LI City NY 11406	AS4-9234	11-24
James Kaufman	99 Clarendon Crt	Metuchen NJ	548-4265	2-1
Victor Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10028	SA2-2129	7-14
Mitchell Koch	9 Outer Rd	S Norwalk Conn 06854	838-2640	2-2
Joshua Konecky	750 Kappock St	Riverdale NY 10463	KI9-1906	3-11
Steven Korff	309 West 104 St	New York NY 10025	749-4138	3-30
Alan Korncoff	2765 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE2-2892	12-22
Gordon Kraus	141-30 Pershing Cres	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-9529	4-22
Paul Krauss	2122 Ave N	Brooklyn NY 11210	377-2335	3-11
Richard Krauss	2122 Ave N	Brooklyn NY 11210	377-2335	2-15
John Lande	326 Central Park W	New York NY 10025	AC2-0844	1-4
Jonathan Levy	43 Graham Ave	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-1012	1-11
Jonathan Light	458 E Prospect Ave	Mt Vernon NY 10553	MO4-0169	3-31
John Lobel	124 Lawrence Ave	Eastchester NY	SP9-7537	9-25
Edward Loeb	36 Ackley Ave	Malverne NY	LY3-5069	2-16
Steven Lurie	411 Church Ave	Cedarhurst NY 11516	295-0227	8-25
Michael Mackey	185 Scholes St	Brooklyn NY 11206	EV7-3389	10-26
Jeffrey Mackler	280 Ninth Ave	New York NY 10001	YU9-4931	4-30
Jeff Mandell	799 Wenwood Dr	E Meadow NY 11554	IV1-1194	10-27
Stuart Marcus	285 Dolphin Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-1237	4-16
Michael Marqusee	26 Kensington Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC5-4257	1-27
Dana Matthrow	2252 Hoffman Ave	Elmont NY	PR5-3855	5-5
Daniel Mehlman	510 East 23 St	New York NY 10016	677-6277	8-18
Michael Mitnik	21 Kensington Rd	Scarsdale NY	GR2-4942	5-24
Thomas Nast	14 Burling Ave	White Plains NY	WH8-6397	6-23
Steven Olenick	1 Stoner Ave	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-8850	7-28
Leo Orenstein	19 Glenside Dr	West Orange NJ	731-7614	8-20
Fred Ost	515 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	787-6191	12-10

David Paul	2000 Oakmont St	Phila Penna 19152	F12-8745	12-25
Mark Pesner	134-39 - 166 Pl	Jamaica NY 11434	276-9415	3-26
Robert Pesner	134-39 - 166 Pl	Jamaica NY 11434	276-9415	9-10
Richard Peters	153-22 - 78 Rd	Flushing NY 11367	JA6-8725	7-14
Kenneth Plotnik	138-23 - 78 Ave	Flushing NY 11367	JA6-5881	6-10
Thomas Post	29 Washington Sq W	New York NY 10011	GR5-2994	5-7
Kenneth Probst	266 Henry St	Brooklyn NY 11201	UL8-0792	8-19
Leon Rafner	58 Surrey Way	White Plains NY 10607	WH6-0027	9-25
Robert Rosenwasser	144-45 - 70 Rd	Flushing NY 11367	LI4-6354	1-15
Joel Rothaizer	147-44 - 69 Rd	Flushing NY 11367	BO1-9655	4-5
Joel Rush	259 Beach 131 St	Belle Harbor NY 11694	NE4-0085	2-23
Paul Schertz	184 Hazelwood Dr	Westbury NY 11590	ED3-8247	9-13
Robert Schirmer	201 Harvard St	Westbury NY 11590	ED4-2210	8-10
Glenn Schwartz	169 Evergreen Dr	Westbury NY 11590	ED3-2494	2-8
David Shapiro	233 Delaware Ave	Island Park NY 11558	GE1-6798	6-11
Alan Sheff	161 Kings Point Rd	Great Neck NY 11024	HN6-2948	3-14
David Shwalb	30 North Star Dr	Morristown NJ 07960	JE8-6730	9-16
Peter Simon	921 Washington Ave	Brooklyn NY 11225	BU7-6210	7-29
Robby Spain	3 Tyler Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2460	5-9
Alexander Stein	96 Bank St	New York NY 10014	WA4-6327	5-28
Alan Stempel	1341 River Rd	Teaneck NJ 07666	836-8068	7-14
Colley Stephenson	88-68 - 195 St	Hollis Pk Gardens NY	479-4747	5-23
Mark Strickler	31 Lafayette Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-2507	8-29
Barry Strugatz	140 Beaumont St	Brooklyn NY 11235	SH3-7768	1-25
Michael Sussman	1277 No Strand	West Englewood NJ	TE6-0579	1-2
Andrew Tabbat	6 Richbell Close	Scarsdale NY	SC5-4669	9-15
Joshua Tankel	37 Bank St	New York NY 10014	WA4-2170	1-24
Paul Taub	86 Virginia St	Valley Stream NY 11580	LO1-6570	5-28
Richard Tillman	10514 Cascade Pl	Silver Spring Md	565-8781	2-24
Michael Ubell	482 Summit Ave	Hackensack NJ 07601	487-2288	4-22
Steven Vogel	15 Washington Pl	New York NY 10003	SP7-8257	2-21
Kenneth Walker	66 Allenwood Pl	Great Neck NY 11023	482-3026	8-23
Seth Weber	1749 Lilbet Rd	Teaneck NJ	TE6-6624	10-27
Lawrence Wechsler	1231 Bennington Av	Pittsburgh Penna	MU2-3322	7-2
John Weiss	211 Guinea Rd	Old Westbury NY 11568	PI7-6672	4-29
Larry Weiss	2517 Yates Ave	Bronx NY 10469	TV2-7519	2-23
Steven Weiss	1102 Orleans Rd	Cheltenham Pa 19012	ME5-0420	11-11
Scott Wellman	228-10 Strnghrst Av	Queens Vige NY 11427	HO4-4793	3-23
Paul Wexler	365 West 25 St	New York NY 10001	CH3-0319	5-2
Joshua Wiesner	61 Shattuck Rd	Watertown Mass	WA6-1924	1-5
Andrew Witkin	662 East 26 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	UL9-0667	7-22
Gregg Young	103 Red Ground Rd	Roslyn Hts NY 11577	MA1-1218	6-10
Matthew Zalichin	555 Haviland Rd	Stamford Conn 06903	322-8400	3-25
Richard Ziskin	2232 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY 11003	FL4-5291	3-23
Lee Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	4-29
Laurence Zuckerman	22 Western Dr	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-5274	9-19
Richard Zuflacht	695 Cornwell Ave	Malverne NY	LY3-8018	5-9

Girls

Deborah Abrahams	18 Virginia Ave	Freeport NY 11520	FR9-1003	4-14
Marilyn Adler	85 Joyce Rd	Eastchester NY 10709	WO1-5468	4-18
Julie Arnov	18 Stanworth Rd	Franklin Park NJ	AX7-2179	11-10
Karen Auerbach	232 Hudson Ave	Englewood NJ	568-5372	3-10
Linda Axelrod	71 Spring St	Metuchen NJ 08840	L18-3800	6-8
Jane Baker	66 Everett Rd	Demarest NJ	768-8988	10-12
Susan Barsh	3852 Conshohocken Av	Phila Penna 19131	GR7-5810	7-29
Amy Bauman	8 Polo Rd	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-4432	8-11
Jean Beasley	272 Bayberry Lane	Westport Conn	227-6193	9-19
Amy Beckwith	320 Murray Ave	Englewood NJ	LO8-8678	11-3
Jill Bender	320 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10025	R19-2864	8-21
Caren Benzer	Bayberry Drive	Pleasantville NY 10570	RO9-2521	9-5
Linda Bernstein	13 Jordan Drive	Great Neck NY	HU7-2805	7-25
Michele Bertrand	120-41 - 180 St	St Albans NY 11434	LA7-7946	5-5
Linda Bierer	993 Park Ave	New York NY 10028	YU8-4723	7-19
Ilene Binder	6 Bluebird Dr	Roslyn Hts NY 11577	621-8279	7-28
Sandra Blank	84-25 Kendrick Pl	Jamaica NY 11432	OL8-5055	5-17
Sue Blumenfeld	3 Alden Pl	Hartsdale NY	OW3-1156	11-5
Sara Bolder	4081 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11235	TW1-0524	4-20
Paola Borgatta	320 Clinton Ave	Dobbs Ferry NY	OW3-9415	3-7
Carol Brodtkin	5533 King Edward Av	Cote St Luc Mntnl Cana	489-6428	12-15
Lisa Buchberg	Farm Road	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-5220	4-18
Myra Chanley	20 Stockton Rd	Kendall Park NJ 08824	297-1471	6-8
Pamela Clark	116-02 - 202 St	St Albans NY 11412	LA5-7417	6-10
Aviva Cohen	79 West 12 St	New York NY 10011	OR5-4996	1-6
Jano Cohen	3511 Hamlet Pl	Chevy Chase Md 20015	654-5054	12-8
Lore Cohen	3511 Hamlet Pl	Chevy Chase Md 20015	654-5054	9-5
Lisabeth Cohn	7 Stratford Rd	Larchmont NY 10538	TE4-1272	4-20
Deirdre Coltrera	69 Willow St	Brooklyn NY 11201	UL2-1003	7-30
Barbara Cooper	56-37 Cloverdale Bl	Bayside NY 11364	BA4-3154	6-2
Tammy Dames	33-68 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	YE2-4238	3-25
Deborah D'Arpa	242 W Hudson Ave	Englewood NJ	567-2147	10-4
Ellen David	8 Knoll Lane	Roslyn Hts NY 11577	MA1-1876	5-7
Rachel DeCarlo	4 Seely Place	Scarsdale NY	GR2-0078	2-17
Lauren Donner	31 Mowbray Ave	Bayshore NY 11706	MO5-1909	8-28
Lisa Donneson	41 Saddle Lane	Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-5494	10-25
Suzanne Ducat	322 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	SC4-2055	4-10
Amy Eden	30 Sniffen Rd	Westport Conn 06880	227-4648	2-11
Laura Ewen	85-03 - 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	12-9
Karen Farber	88 Lotus Oval So	Valley Stream NY	PY1-5778	5-17
Jennifer Fast	84-05 - 165 St	Jamaica NY 11432	AX1-7831	6-22
Melissa Fast	84-05 - 165 St	Jamaica NY 11432	AX1-7831	10-2
Laura Fried	400 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-3326	11-8
Hetty Friedman	316 Argyle Rd	Brooklyn NY 11218	BU2-4881	6-10
Madge Friedman	33-60 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	YE2-1171	6-20

Francie Gilbert	790 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10032	AV3-3142	8-10
Emilie Glicksman	25 Knolls Crescent	New York NY 10463	K18-5769	8-6
Ann Golob	182-61 Avon Rd	Jamaica NY 11432	OL8-2142	9-16
Jerri Goodman	44 Highland Rd	Glen Cove NY	OR6-2193	1-1
Audrey Gordon	345 West 88 St	New York NY 10024	TR3-5985	3-2
Robin Gowa	1673 East 28 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	CL2-4108	2-7
Wendy Grant	19 Joann Circle	Westport Conn	227-8587	2-3
Nancy Guggenheim	101 Grayson Pl	Teaneck NJ 07666	837-2330	10-10
Deborah Herzog	819 Ridgewood Rd	Millburn NJ	DR9-5973	3-27
Liza Himmel	117 East 83 St	New York NY 10028	YU8-5984	7-19
Kathy Kafer	18 Dale Carnegie Ct	Great Neck NY 11020	HU7-4520	4-21
Karen Kahn	9 Coach Lane	Westport Conn	227-9040	3-11
Susan Kahn	9 Coach Lane	Westport Conn	227-9040	5-13
Robin Kappy	9 Avondale Rd	Plainview NY 11803	OVI-1782	10-26
Julie Kaufman	33-68 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	AS4-9234	8-26
Margaret Kaufman	128 Willow St	Brooklyn NY 11201	MA4-3502	8-9
Gail Korman	1 Withington Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-4239	1-15
Jessica Krasilovsky	1177 Hardscrabble Rd	Chappaqua NY	CE8-8220	10-26
Amy Kraus	85-43 - 211 St	Queens Vige NY 11427	HO5-0565	1-17
Lisa Kraus	4 Summit Ave	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-3607	1-30
Elisabeth Krisel	33-68 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	RA1-4951	1-30
Carol Lazare	130 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	SU7-6553	8-19
Rita Leibowitz	14 Fir Drive	Great Neck NY	HU2-5536	9-4
Jill Lesser	428 Rockaway Pkwy	Valley Stream NY	LO1-1397	6-19
Maxine Lestch	140 Cadman Plaza W	Brooklyn NY 11201	834-1098	6-21
Deborah Levitan	26 Wake Robin Lane	Stamford Conn	322-2533	7-18
Jessica Litman	1047 So Negley Ave	Pittsburgh Pa 15217	441-6777	6-3
Debbie Long	Grn Hill Lower Merion	Phila Penna 19151	M12-4295	7-17
Claudia Lory	780 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO3-2240	3-13
Laurie Ludmer	642 Locust St	Mt Vernon NY 10552	MO4-7082	8-1
Naomi Maier	729 Park Ave	New York NY 10021	BU8-5573	3-12
Sharon Mattlin	126 East 92 St	New York NY 10028	AT9-1177	6-10
Julie Miller	10 West 9 St	New York NY 10011	OR4-8075	4-5
Andrea Narins	43 Crawford Rd	Harrison NY 10528	WO7-3874	9-15
Adele Orenstein	19 Glenside Dr	West Orange NJ	731-7614	12-9
Susan Orville	29 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-7280	11-18
Shelly Packer	76 Kingsley Dr	Yonkers NY	SP9-4487	4-16
Nancy Parmet	98 Joseph St	New Hyde Park NY	FL2-7701	7-7
Stella Paul	2000 Oakmont St	Phila Penna 19152	F12-8745	2-7

Tina Ranyak	Kirby Lane North	Rye NY	WO7-0089	8-11
Melissa Roberts	105 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	LY5-8002	2-23
Irma Robins	290 Ninth Ave	New York NY 10001	YU9-3821	6-29
Lucy Robins	290 Ninth Ave	New York NY 10001	YU9-3821	5-17
Amy Rodman	34 Nassau Dr	Great Neck NY	HU2-7681	7-11
Elisa Rogers	83 Partrick Rd	Westport Conn 06880	227-6253	7-8
Karen Rosenberg	91-02 - 68 Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	LI4-3165	9-25
Elizabeth Rosenblum	110-35 Jewel Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO1-7134	5-11
Deborah Rothman	139 Beacon Hill Dr	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	OW3-5392	10-10
Ellen Rubin	94 Reed Dr	Roslyn NY	PI7-5141	1-18
Meg Rubin	27 Prospect Pk W	Brooklyn NY 11215	ST3-2204	3-9
Lucy Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-8583	1-11
Raina Sacks	30 West 70 St	New York NY 10023	TR4-2916	1-3
Andrea Salwen	1138 East 22 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	253-6727	12-29
Barbara Schachter	1 Wilbur Dr	Great Neck NY 11021	466-4080	6-10
Lisa Schachter	137 Lorraine Ave	Mt Vernon NY	MO8-4293	1-6
Donna Schertz	184 Hazelwood Dr	Westbury NY 11590	ED3-8247	6-12
Jodi Schneider	11 Auerbach Lane	Lawrence NY	CE9-0852	10-22
Elizabeth Schnur	125 East 72 St	New York NY 10021	861-8849	12-7
Betsy Schulz	4711 Independence Av	Riverdale NY 10471	KI8-3658	4-23
Penny Schwartz	98 Havillands Lane	White Plains NY 10605	WH6-3215	1-18
Ellen Shankin	303 E Sidney Ave	Mt Vernon NY 10553	MO8-5750	8-22
Elisabeth Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave	Stamford Conn	348-2938	4-22
Eve Shapiro	233 Delaware Ave	Island Park NY 11558	GE1-6798	2-20
Lisa Shawn	8 Rogers Ave	Hartsdale NY	WH6-5970	1-20
Lenore Singerman	Heron Road	East Norwalk Conn	838-6094	12-30
Andrea Small	134 Old Post Rd No	Croton-on-Hudson NY	CR1-4207	6-10
Valerie Soll	164 West 79 St	New York NY 10024	TR4-2024	1-22
Laura Solow	525 Cortland Ave	Mamaroneck NY 10543	OW8-5750	6-4
Emily Spitzer	4680 Livingston Av	Riverdale NY 10471	KI6-7230	4-3
Liza Stark	47 Greenacres Ave	Scarsdale NY	723-3287	2-10
Joan Stern	540 Munro Ave	Mamaroneck NY	OW8-0348	11-25
Abby Stockman	1 Colonial Lane	Larchmont NY 10538	TE4-4311	6-13
Wendy Stuart	106 Magnolia La	Roslyn Hts NY 11577	MA1-4949	5-14
Joanna Tankel	37 Bank St	New York NY 10014	WA4-2170	9-19
Susan Tull	693 Wildwood Rd	West Hempstead NY	489-6215	4-20
Barbara Waitzman	50 Lawrence Dr	N White Plains NY 10603	WH6-1140	5-5
Amy Waldinger	69-34 - 183 St	Flushing NY 11365	JA3-8565	4-10
Laura Wasserman	157 Ann St	Valley Stream NY	VA5-2088	12-30
Amy Waxler	600 West 218 St	New York NY 10034	LO7-9115	10-10
Meryl Weinman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	228-2605	6-15
Harriet Weinmann	61 Franklin Pl	Great Neck NY	HN6-0372	12-1
Janet Weiss	432 E Sidney Ave	Mt Vernon NY	MO4-2136	1-17
Erica Weissman	147-14 Charter Rd	Jamaica NY 11435	JA6-8301	12-23
Jane Weston	92 Hazelwood Dr	Jericho NY	OVI-2554	5-21
Sharon White	970 Tinton Ave	Bronx NY 10456	DA3-0483	9-28
Donna Zalichin	555 Haviland Rd	Stamford Conn 06903	322-8400	1-5

CIT Girls

- Rachel Abram	5 Norton Drive	Roosevelt NY 11575	BA3-0454	5-22
Isabel Abramowitz	78-54 - 223 St	Flushing NY 11364	SP6-5939	8-27
- Joan Balter	5155 Post Rd	Bronx NY 10471	K13-9176	1-31
Jane Bassuk	141-50 Gr Centr Pky	Jamaica NY 11435	JA3-1868	8-29
Nina Bassuk	1044 East 28 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	CL8-6317	2-16
Nina Bauman	8 Polo Road	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-4432	6-17
- Susan Buchbinder	2317 Throop Ave	Bronx NY 10469	OW5-4799	5-12
Marcia Cohen	79 West 12 St	New York NY 10011	OR5-5043	10-28
- Naomi Cohen	3835 Bailey Ave	Bronx NY 10463	K18-0828	1-16
			K19-6915	
Susan Evans	370 First Ave	New York NY 10010	GR5-7262	7-7
- Kate Ezra	69-52 - 228 St	Bayside NY 11364	HA8-1809	4-8
Susan Fishbein	55 Ridge Dr	Westbury NY	ED4-0710	10-20
Robin Forman	140 Wooley's La	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-4408	5-24
- Nancy Friedman	33-05 - 90 St	Jackson Hts NY 11372	OLI-4727	5-1
Elizabeth Gottlieb	4930 Goodridge Av	Riverdale NY 10471	TU4-1221	11-22
Alice Hersh	6709 Loring Crt	Bethesda Md 20034	365-1207	4-12
Paula Jacobson	5304 - 190 St	Flushing NY 11365	FL7-6251	3-21
Jackie Keveson	314 East 201 St	Bronx NY 10458	FO7-9642	10-21
Linda Kiel	2127 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY 11003	GE7-3965	2-7
Marian Lansky	83-30 - 263 St	Floral Park NY 11004	FI7-8958	4-18
Karen LaRocca	108-20 - 62 Dr	Forest Hills NY 11375	IL9-6967	6-28
- Marjorie Levinson	117 Oak Ave	Metuchen NJ	LI8-4261	6-30
Lisa Mann	505 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-1019	8-16
	5 Place du Président Mitterrand	Paris 7, France		
Karen Rudnick	225-11 - 88 Ave	Queens Vige NY 11427	HO8-9726	7-11
Maddi Sadin	6 Peter Lane	New Hyde Pk NY 11040	775-3698	4-1
- Joan Schwartz	19 Huron Rd	Yonkers NY	SP9-6645	10-4
Robin Simons	300 East 57 St	New York NY 10022	PL1-6774	7-1
- Jane Tavalin	647 East 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470	3-28
- Lori Ubell	482 Summit Ave	Hackensack NJ 07601	487-2288	1-2
- Gale Walker	66 Allenwood Rd	Great Neck NY 11023	482-3026	11-10
Frann Ziskin	2232 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY 11003	FL4-5291	4-7

CIT Boys

Marc Abraham Richard Abrams	226-51 - 77 Ave Bayne St	Flushing NY 11364 Norwalk Conn	SP6-1876 847-8305	1-23 5-6
Paul Berkowitz Carl Blank Eric Blumberg Robert Buchalter Karl Buchberg	341 I U Willets Rd 84-25 Kendrick Pl 780 West End Ave 112 Bengyfield Dr Farm Road	Roslyn Hts NY 11577 Jamaica NY 11432 New York NY 10025 E Williston NY 11596 Ardsley NY 10502	MA1-5899 OL8-5055 MO3-4624 PI2-4381 OW3-5220	1-8 11-15 1-2 8-21 4-18
Matthew Civin	64-35 L 186 La	Fresh Meadows NY 11365	AX7-2562	7-24
Peter Dolid	10 Oaks Hunt Rd	Great Neck NY 11020	HU7-6708	3-19
Sam Edelman Lenn Edelstein Danny Engelstein	284 West 11 St 1862 Leonard La 320 West End Ave	New York NY 10014 Merrick NY 11566 New York NY 10023	WA4-8674 TN8-9645 EN2-2843	1-21 4-1 5-6
Henry Granderson	114-27 - 149 St	Jamaica NY 11436	OL9-0159	7-31
Larry Hertzog	838 Perry Lane	Teaneck NJ	TE7-2582	6-25
David Katz Paul Kaufman Barry Klemons	Madison St 15 Egil Crt 200 Corbin Pl	Woodmere NY Roslyn NY 11576 Brooklyn NY 11235	FR4-4113 484-1329 TW1-1085	8-18 5-6 5-20
Richard Lowenthal	83 Beach St	Sharon Mass	784-3515	9-10
Paul Miller Stephen Morris	3970 Hillman Ave 750 Kappock St	Bronx NY 10463 Riverdale NY 10463	K18-4611 K19-4923	6-16 1-13
David Rabinowitz Robert Rosenthal	2515 Yates Ave 8 Pebble Lane	Bronx NY 10469 Roslyn Heights NY	TU2-4258 MA1-3534	6-6 4-27
Robert Saffler Dean Schaffer Billy Spain Eric Spiegel	1483 Beech La 15 Myrtledale Rd 3 Tyler Rd 52 Wimbledon La	East Meadow NY 11554 Scarsdale NY 10583 Scarsdale NY Great Neck NY 11023	IV9-5305 SC3-6051 SC5-2466 HU2-1937	12-12 2-16 4-22 1-15
Michael Tillman	10514 Cascade Pl	Silver Spring Md	565-8781	10-12
Tom Weiman Joshua Weinstein Alan Wolf	67 Gregory Ave 24 Lafayette Dr 205 Santiago Ave	West Orange NJ 07062 Woodmere NY 11598 Rutherford NJ	RE1-0177 FR4-4084 438-8362	11-13 4-8 3-8
Edward Yelin David Yohalem	657 Cameron Rd 192 Beechmont Dr	So Orange NJ 07079 New Rochelle NY	763-2280 NE2-0658	6-13 2-19

Junior Counselors

Lucy Balter	5155 Post Rd <i>Bronx NY 10471</i>	Bronx NY 10471 <i>Waltham Mass</i>	K13-9176	9-23
Alan Cohen	157 East Drive	N Massapequa NY 11761	CH9-2946	5-6
Sam Haupt	218-37 Gr Cntr Pky	Hollis Hills NY 11427	HO8-8812	1-17
Farrel Levy	43 Graham Ave	Metuchen NJ	548-1012	8-14
Dana Mann	196 Bengyfield Dr	E Williston NY 11596	PI6-7656	7-17
Andrew Quient	45 Sugar Maple La	Glen Cove NY	ORI-8489	6-19
Eric Ram	17 Wensley Dr	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-8478	6-4
Stephen Rubenstein	111-15 - 77 Rd	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO1-3888	8-28
Peter Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY	HU2-8583	9-8
Nina Seymann	150 West 87 St	New York NY 10024	TR7-0269	3-7
David Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave	Stamford Conn	348-2938	10-13
Fred Spiegel	52 Wimbledon La	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-1937	6-21
James Stuart	106 Magnolia La	Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-4949	10-12
Miriam Walker	66 Allenwood Rd	Great Neck NY 11023	482-3026	2-25
Lisa Wanderman	350 First Ave	New York NY 10010	GR5-1629	9-4
Emmy Weiner	20 Laurel Pl	Eastchester NY	SW3-6585	5-20
Gerald Weinman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	CA8-2605	3-16
Bonnie Weissman	1726 East 7 St	Brooklyn NY 11223	ES5-0390 <i>276-3764</i>	4-11
Dan Weston	92 Hazelwood Dr	Jericho NY	OVI-2554	10-15

Counselors

Ernst and Ilse Bulova	300 Central Park W	New York NY 10024	EN2-2702	
Doris Adler	E 196 Concord Dr	Paramus NJ	CO1-9054	
Ray Alden	280 Ninth Ave	New York NY 10001	YU9-0771	7-2
Carol Atkin	357 Adelphi St	Brooklyn NY 11238	857-5817	8-2
Walter Banzhaf	1368 Metropolitan Av	Bronx NY 10462	TA2-0969	3-7
Rudolf, May Baranik	790 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10032	AD4-0747	
Steven Baranik	790 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10032	AD4-0747	12-29
Gregory Belok	355 Eighth Ave	New York NY 10001	CH2-1639	7-13
Stanley Berke	209 East 95 St	New York NY 10028	HA7-6302	7-26
Robert Blumenson	350 First Ave	New York NY 10010	AL4-6064	12-11
Sophia Bonfield	RFD 2 Box 152	W Brattleboro Vt	254-6667	
Paul Bookbinder	12 Laurel Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-7812	10-9
John Bressler	200 Parker Rd	Elizabeth NJ 07208	EL5-3513	4-25
Robert Bressler	200 Parker Rd	Elizabeth NJ 07208	EL5-3513	8-28
Mattie Brody	3338 Giles Pl	Bronx NY 10463	989-6364	12-4
Lillian Burger	4 Sussex Lane	Stonybrook NY 11790	751-2416	
Clifford Cortelyou	R F D 1	Princeton NJ	921-8297	2-24
Ron, Margaret Danzig	66 Bridge St	New Milfd Conn 06776	354-8215	
David Deerwester	200 Lexington Av	Oyster Bay NY 11771	922-7228	
Adelle Demkowich	11 Gailmont Dr	Hamilton Ont Cana	432-5543	12-15
Janet deProsse	295 Stockbridge Rd	Lenox Mass	637-1915	9-9
Michael Diamond	130 Peach Dr	Roslyn NY	484-0484	9-26
Harold, Betty Ewen	85-03 - 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	
Wayne, Judith Felgar	698 East Church St	Marion Ohio	382-6406	
Nicholas Fisher	227-06 Strnghrst Av	Qns Vlge NY 11427	HO4-4777	4-29
Dan, Barbara Fromer	184 Hallock Rd 2C2	Lake Grove NY	585-5303	
Marjorie Garber	324 No Village Av	Rockville Cntr NY	RO4-0766	6-11
Diana Geddes	202 Riverside Dr 3J	New York NY 10025		5-3
Julie Geiger	32 Tamarack Way	Pleasantville NY	RO9-2691	11-26
David Gelber	202 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10025	222-6171	4-29
Robert Gerstein	75-59 - 182 St	Flushing NY 11366	GE4-2428	5-3
Marcia Giambrone	48 Cloverdale Rd	Cheektowaga NY 14225	TF2-2558	6-24
Kenneth Goldstrom	138 Berrian Rd	New Rochelle NY 10804	621-9371	5-17
Peter Gordon	25477 Bryden Rd	Beachwood Ohio	464-9047	4-1
Andrew Gowa	1673 East 28 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	CL2-4108	11-6
Sharon Hagan	57 McClellan Circle	Buffalo NY	822-1298	11-23
Jon B. Higgins	3 Stonehedge Rd	Andover Mass 01810	GR5-1455	
Sanford, Edith Jason	42 Gilbert Lane	Plainview NY	WE5-8460	
Jo, Carol Jochowitz	130-57 - 233 St	Laurelton NY	LA8-0498	

Thanks

DOCTOR Samuel D. Danzig

NURSES Joan Walker
Lillian Burger
Beverley Roberts

FOOD SERVICE MANAGER Eugene Stamm

STEWARD Nabil Chartouni

CHEF John Ohno

COOKS Allan Howell
Charles Slade

BAKER Christian Beyer

KITCHEN STAFF Anthony Curry
Robert Fischel
James Haith
Shigenari Kawashima
Stanley Penridge

DINING ROOM STAFF Wanda Newlin
Carter Seibel

OFFICE Doris Adler
Sophia Bonfield
Florence Wasserman
Ethel Renton

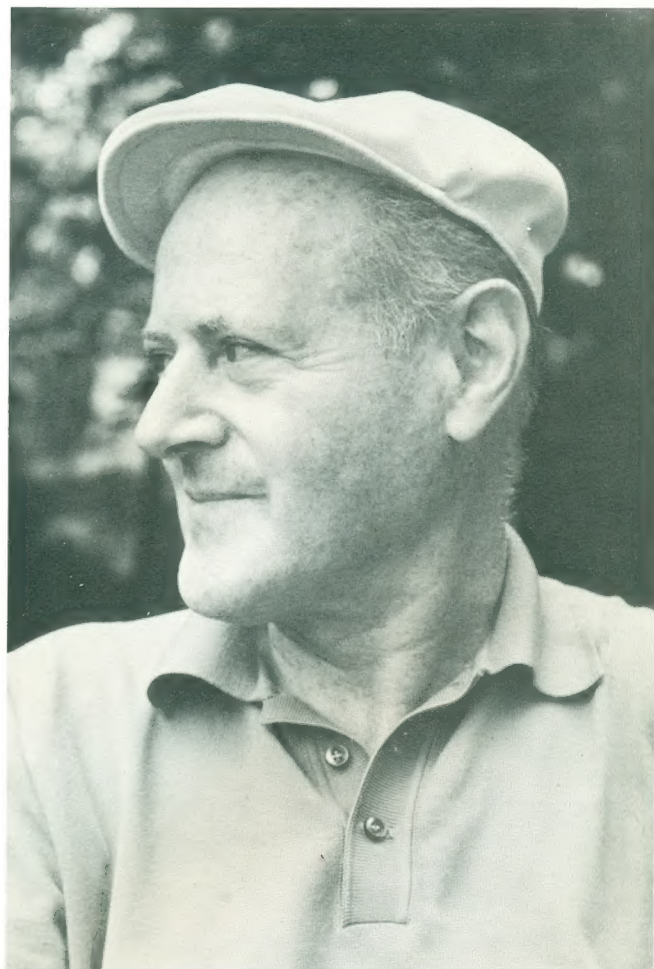
SHOPPING Ruth Zlotoff

ELECTRICAL Walter Banzhaf
Robert Blumenson
Eric Ram

MAINTENANCE Oscar Nelson
Peter Dusterhoft
Peter Tavalin

CLEANING WOMEN Eliane Delancy
Jessie Goldspink
Rose Mary McCarroll
Dorothy Popilowski
Harriet Stevens

Sue Kahn	1185 E Broadway	Hewlett NY 11557	FR4-0755	
Michael Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10028	SA2-2129	11-25
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Pl	Brooklyn NY 11235	TW1-1085	9-6
William Korff	309 West 104 St	New York NY 10025	749-4138	
Lynne Krug	200 East End Av	New York NY 10028	SA2-0094	2-26
Willy Mermans	Kolkstraat 33	Dessel (A) Belgium	01437183	⁷⁻¹³ 11-26
Diane Miller	63 Eighth Ave	Brooklyn NY 11217	MA2-4204	2-10
Mary Anne Miller	The Farm	Eden, So. Dakota		1-28
Russell C. Mundy	219 Doyle St	Providence RI 02906		
Jerry, Wanda Newlin	428 No Iowa St	Atwood Ill		
Peter Norton	83 Greenway No	Forest Hls NY 11375	LI4-2302	2-26
Peter Orville	29 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-7280	1-26
Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Dr	Yonkers NY	WO1-5383	6-5
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